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The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches accepts the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.

THE UNITARIAN

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THE UNITARIAN

A Monthly Magazine of Liberal Christianity.

VOL. X. AUGUST, 1895. No. 8.

THE GIFT OF A DAY.

SERMON BY REV. CHARLES E. ST. JOHN, PASTOR OF THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF PITTSBURG, PA.

"The rich days open and spill their splendor;
Night, shoes with silver the foot on her stair;
Ay, life has all that glory can lend her,—
So what it all means, pray why should we care?"
—*John Vance Cheney.*

"Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away."
—*Thomas Carlyle.*

"Forenoon, and afternoon, and night! Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night! Forenoon, and—what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won."
—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

"He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good."—MATT. v. 45.

It is often said that people do not appreciate good health until they are threatened with the loss of it, and that no one knows when he is well off. In the same way we ignore the wonderful love of the Almighty, shown in giving us one after another for many long years these fresh, suggestive days. A day seems nothing to us. It is much like all previous ones, and we know that it comes by natural laws as the earth swings along in its course. We are not apt to speak of any ordinary day as a gift from God. Yet I think that every such day is such a gift, and one none the less beautiful and desirable for its being a very familiar thing. The commonest things of life are often its finest treasures, had we the wit to honor them. For instance, how wide-spread and constant is the utility of water! Without it any spot of earth changes into drifting sand or barren plain. With it the desert blooms, the forest prospers, and the farmer meets success. Water makes the earth beautiful with verdure, adorns it with lovely rivers, enfolds it in noble oceans. To water we owe the sweet, refreshing wayside springs, the life-giving showers of summer, the clouds that grace the sky and shield us from excessive heat, and the protecting mantle of winter's snow. Water is a gift to man suggestive of incessant gratitude.

So it is with days. A new day may seem to be a slight thing, but it is a royal gift from God to man. Like the frequent letters from a dear friend come these days from God, each with its precious message of love, each with its possible lading of unexpected things. The new day dawns clear and transparent. You can look out afar, and see many things; but yet you cannot see the secrets of that day. Hidden in its brightness are the multitudinous events it is bringing you. It is like a golden casket filled with rare and costly things. You must take them out one by one, never knowing what lies farther down. As the day moves on, you lift up each moment's treasure; and then you see yet another treasure beyond. Or, rather, I should say that each moment offers the possibility of a treasure, for often it is a loss, a sorrow, or a blow that comes; and it depends on the way in which we take it whether or not it proves a blessing in disguise.

Let us search into a day, then, and see how much it contains that calls for deepest gratitude. A day opens to us the simple yet noble pleasures of sight, sound, and sweet odors. It brings to us again the possibility of enjoying the beauties of nature that are spread out on all sides for those who will look and understand. The rare delight of an artist in a glorious landscape,

the joy of a naturalist in the discovery of a new plant, the exultation of a health-seeker in the invigorating air of the mountains,—are all enfolded in any day. So that the gift of a day to me is the gift to my soul of all the glimpses of beautiful things in the world that my eyes obtain. The radiant color of the morning sky, the playing of the wind over the meadow grass, the fall of the rivulet down the mountain side, the pretty motions of the oriole feeding her young, the soft light of afternoon on the hills, the holy transition from twilight into starlight,—these and many things like them come to me with a day.

To know what is given us in a day, spend half an hour of it in an orchard, or by the edge of a pool of water, or in the depth of the woods, and watch for the coming of divine messengers. You will see the cherry bird building her nest, and the swallow circling in lines of beauty above you; you will notice the uncertain flight of the yellow butterflies, and the first tinted leaf of the maple; you will find the fire-fly hidden in a crevice of the apple-bark, and watch the snail feeding on a water-plant; you will listen to the tanager's rich song, and to the rustling of the leaves where a squirrel leaps along. The world will be crowded with sights of beauty. The air will be tremulous with the delicate sounds that none but lovers of nature hear. While the breath of the grape blossoms and the spiced air from the meadows will give your bodies rest. There seems no limit to the treasures of nature; and all this loveliness is for your eyes to see. It is given you with a summer day. The poor man and the rich, equal owners of what the day is bringing of beauty, of music, and of fragrance, may stand side by side and rejoice. Any day would be a rich gift if it conveyed to us nothing more than this chance to observe the wonders of the natural world. We have eyes and minds for seeing; and here is the universe all full of beauty, beautiful flowers and birds, beautiful hills and valleys, beautiful men and women. So we are blessed and enlightened by our surroundings. The day and the world contribute to our growth of soul.

Again, a day brings us in its bosom truth. No day, be it joyful or sad, passes without making the open mind a little wiser than it was before. With a new dawn truth begins afresh to press in upon us from many channels. The objects of beauty to which I have referred have also their lessons of truth to impart. Each one offers us facts. Nature, indeed, is all alive with truth; and the knowledge which it gives is of great worth to us. A day makes it possible for us to read the life-history of the violet, and grasp the law of the revolution of the planets. He who knows these things is in so far richer than all who do not. The day has blessed him. From dawn to twilight and the evening hours of study, a day is full of helpfulness to those who are eager to learn. Not only does nature speak to them in myriad ways, but also human intercourse provides an unfailing supply of new truth. Every man we meet has ready for us some atom of the boundless truth which we thus far have missed. Be he great or humble, he can teach us something worth our knowing. Be he coward or hero, rascal or saint, scholar or ignoramus, worker or idler, in his life there lies a warning or an inspiration for us. A day brings us into contact with men and women, so that we are constantly at school learning the lessons of human experience. Each day gives us our friends over again; and with every meeting there dawns a new vision of truth. One companion inspires you to brave self-sacrifice; another tells you of the wondrous laws of God; still another shows you the beauty of holiness. So by one and another acquaintance you are led on to better things.

Each day provides innumerable other points of contact between our minds and the everlasting truth. We take up a newspaper, and there before us is a day's history of many men and many nations. As we read, our life broadens out over all the world. We see with the eyes of a multitude and feel with the heart-throbs of humanity as they beat over land and sea. We suffer with the tortured Armenians. We go in the spirit to watch the growth of political liberty in Japan. We rise to noble wealth with the honorable success in business. We pass into noble poverty with the man who lives for others rather than for himself. We share the honors of our mighty nation, work for the freedmen with General Armstrong, feel the scholar's pride with some great university, delve with pick and

blasting powder by the side of some brawny miner in Nevada. We study the battles of political parties at home and abroad, and hear the pleadings of missionaries among ignorant peoples. We are childlike with the child-life of the world, and manful with the strenuous endeavors of the world's toilers, and passionate with every high struggle for the right of statesman, scholar, and philanthropist. Thus a day gives us the thoughts, the deeds, the hopes and fears, the sympathies and victories of all mankind, —a wondrous gift indeed.

In the same way a day opens to us the pages of the instructive, or entertaining, or stimulating books that thinkers have written. It brings to us the great minds of all past ages. To-day, if it be our wish, we may read the greatest thoughts of Isaiah, Homer, Plato, Æschylus, Montaigne, Goethe, Bacon, Darwin, Carlyle, Irving, George Eliot, Newman, Browning, or any other of a multitude of exalted minds. To-day we may share the high courage of the times of chivalry with Shakspere or Scott, may live in ancient France with Guizot, fight the battles of England with Green, watch the fortunes of the Netherlands with Motley, or struggle side by side with our forefathers with Fiske. To-day God spreads out for our wondering gaze all the noble deeds and exalted passions, all the stumbling progress, fearful disasters, and momentous successes of the past of our race, and all the marvellous history of the created universe in its progress through numberless ages. Holds not this day wonders in its keeping?

Have you never felt your own sorrows dwindle in comparison with the mighty sufferings of a whole people tortured as the Waldenses were? Have you never been shamed from your own despair in little strifes with injustice by the knowledge of the stupendous injustice of the papal inquisition? never had your heart quickened by the gallant achievements of the Moorish cavaliers in Spain? never been lifted above your fears and doubts by the brilliant, gracious, pathetic sufferings in God's name of Socrates, Hypatia, Socinus, Galileo, Saint Paul? If you never have experienced these sublime moods, you have not known how far above all estimate is God's gift of a day,—a chance to read and learn and think.

A day, then, brings us beauty in the world and in mankind. It gives us truth about men, things, life, and eternity. Is there anything more that is included in the gift of a day? Yes. A day supplies us with the opportunity to do right. *Goodness* comes with truth and beauty. We rise into a new day, and it is then our gracious privilege to grasp some purer thought and begin some finer moral enterprise than our old. A day means that here are fresh hours as yet unsullied by an evil thought or a careless action. This new day does not tempt us or mislead us. Our old habits may disconcert us, but the day comes from God's future sweet as new-mown hay; and in it we are again invited to the ways of virtue and holiness. It gives another chance to subdue the hated habit of wrong, and win forgiveness for former misdeeds, and so ascend into more excellent being. Let not him who wakes with a body enfeebled by evil or foolish ways or with a heart broken for sad memories curse the day into which he wakes, because the penalty or the anguish is in him, not in the calm, beautiful day which looks not back, but forward.

The day is untried, like some unexplored land of beauty. It is the stimulating possibility of goodness, and we may make of it whatever noble use our hearts and our strength permit. In the loving thought of God the whole vast universe has labored to make it possible for you to begin anew your growing life. The distant stars have been burning and shining, rays of light have been for ages rushing down to earth, planets have swung onward in their orbits, the earth has turned steadily into her position facing the hot light of the sun, the night air has fled, and the mists of daybreak have vanished,—all to create for you a sweet, new day, in which you may live nobly. The universe does not crush you, insult you, or obstruct your righteous aims. It instead spreads out before your eager feet one after another of these days full of limitless possibilities. It is as if angels laid rich carpets and scattered roses before you, and the power of the Almighty lifted all obstructions from your path, while all the mellow voices of man's possible goodness cry out from the mysterious future to you, and beseech you to use this next, so divinely made day well. To-morrow dawns spotless and

ready, nothing in it to suggest evil, everything in it yearning for virtue in man.

So we have bestowed upon us beauty, truth, and goodness with a day. But there is yet another jewel in this rare casket. A day brings us *work*. It summons us to rise and toil for our daily bread, and for the maintenance of our homes and their loved inmates. It offers us the chance of increasing the wealth of the world. What we make with our laboring hands and active brains is so much treasure created for the good of man. What we do for our own livelihood sustains us till great and lovely things can be wrought out in our souls. Therefore, it is a noble privilege to work. By it body and mind advance into their finer life, and man rises pre-eminent among the vigorous forces of God. The day breaks; and all around us and before us shine out the tasks for us to do, like a beautiful summer sea tempting the courageous swimmer. We often declare this to be discouraging,—to see ready for us so many more things than we can do, to see one needful work slip by into the realm of the impossible, while we struggle hurriedly with some other. But do not yield to this coward's view of life. The eyes of Achilles flash more brightly through his helmet-bars when he alone faces a crowd of Trojans, and one sword battles against many. If there be much to be done, then are we more certain to accomplish a few things. A world of possible action far outshines in glory one that sleeps in idleness, and a day in which work comes faster than the billows sweep shoreward over the ocean is the only day in which brilliant achievement and wide-reaching success are possible for common men. That every Grecian may have the chance to be an Achilles, every man and woman a hero, the days that God gives come laden to the outer rims with blessed possibilities of work.

We gain strength through work, gain manliness and usefulness; and there are few joys of a higher type than that which comes with the victory over hard conditions of life, with the peace that follows faithfulness in many trials. Man without toil would rank lower than the very weeds that beset his garden, for even they toil day and night till their life-work is over. It is work of body and mind that makes man godlike; for by work alone can he wield the forces of Nature, and utilize the wealth she scatters everywhere. By work we save ourselves from weakness, deliver ourselves from temptation, and maintain ourselves in honor and progress. By work we lift up our brothers from all low estate. Work, noble spirit of each rare day, reveals to us the beauty, wins for us the truth, displays for us the goodness that are in that day besides.

All these a day gives; and, indeed, of all bright things in the eternal thought what might it not bestow? Of its countless treasures I will mention but one more. Hour after hour every day teems with the holy possibilities of *love*. Every day, if we are worthy, our friends gather around us with a deeper affection, and our hearts reach out to them in the sweet freedom of strengthening ties. A day gives fresh play to the sacred force of love in our homes. Repeatedly our thoughts are lifted from our work to the sweet vision of the faces that are dear to us. We think of the winsomeness of our absent ones. We plan for the welfare of helpmate, and parent, and child. We rejoice in knowing that they all plan thus for us. The harder hours are made easy by our love for some one. And some one's love comes to us in the time of temptation or false ease, and spurs us on to greater excellence. No man or woman who nobly loves and is graciously loved can yield to despair, or become very wicked, or fail of a beautiful life. As we go on in years, the holy ties of love increase for us. The days bring us new friends, and enlarge our happy intercourse with old ones. On a day your comrade may speak some word that makes your heart beat with delight. On a day your mind is exalted into a joy of heaven because you have given pleasure to your household. A day brings the youth face to face with one who is to be more to him than all the world besides. A day tells the mother glad news of her son's success in life. And a day calls back to you the fond, holy memories of your loved one long since departed. A day may be sacred for the sweet love that has been of old, strong for the true love that now is, and hopeful for the precious trust in love not yet uttered, in a depth of mutual faith not yet attained.

Beauty, truth, goodness, work, and love,—all in a common day! And not a word has yet been said of life itself which a day in-

cludes, nor of the loving God who gives us himself to love and reverence every day; not a word of the strength and joy of religion! Yet every day has religion as its light. Religion is the mental force that prevents our optimism from degenerating into blindness. It is our source of wisdom and comfort, and all its comforts are summed up in this. As the beautiful sunset glow of a calmly ending day displays the lines of a mountain range, and shows it to be but an atom in the bosom of that revealing light, so beyond our outer darkness, whatever it is or may ever be, lies the infinitely noble and beautiful expanse of the love of God. In the resplendent glory of that mighty truth all things stand out distinctly and find their interpretation. The dark side of life is a thing that greatly puzzles many persons, but it will not continue to perplex those who bring to bear upon it an intelligence that is broadened by a reasonable faith in God. Divine love is the greatest existing force, and somehow it controls for good the events which cut us to the quick. The only way to understand the so-called evils of our lives is to study them as essential helps in some great plan of almighty love. As rain and sunshine do not come as rewards to the diligent and righteous farmer, but rather by unchanging law to all men, good or bad, appreciative or neglectful, so by a general law of divine helpfulness to the growth of souls the hard things of life fall upon good and bad as it may happen.

Hardship and bereavement are not punishments. They are merely sombre incidents of life, dark storm-clouds overshadowing the world as a means of bestowing God's love upon men or of teaching men to read the larger bearings of that love. How such results are accomplished through our griefs we do not fully know; but, when we bear in mind that God is Love, and that he must by his very nature do whatever is right, then we know that there is no other path into the perfect life save that which goes through the outer darkness. In our sufferings, as in our death, we

> "Cannot be where God is not,
> On any sea or shore."

So when your darkest hour is upon you, and the day seems ruined, do not think you meet the case by crying, "What have I done to deserve this desolation?" For it is not your punishment. It is your moral opportunity. Just reach out a trusting hand into the darkness, and you will feel it taken by Truth, by Eternal Life, by Divine Helpfulness. Then your thought of God drives away your bitterness of spirit. What matter that the children of the kingdom are cast into outer darkness, if there they feel as they never did before the ennobling help of God, and learn to serve the right with a manlier, wiser method? The outer darkness, the difficulties of a day, is that part of the realms of God into which he sends his children to be schooled in valor, patience, unselfishness, spiritual insight, and all other traits that equip a soul for the highest, weightiest achievements of an eternal career.

We all have larger things to do than the moulding of metals, the selling of goods, the studying of books; and it is in the faces of those that have bravely endured the sterner, sadder hours of their lives that I can read the holy strength of soul that is able to do God's highest work of earth or of heaven. Have confidence in God, and let your souls grow mighty through suffering. In every time of bewilderment that confidence in God is to be your guiding star to remind you that the day's trials as often as its beauties are the gifts of divine love. We need not, indeed, think that we have read the whole purpose of the Almighty, nor make the blunder often heard from the lips of over-zealous persons who fancy that something they wish to have done is the will of God. We may humbly refrain from trying to proclaim the exact will of the Infinite, and yet may maintain with truth that no event of our lives is clear to us until we remember that somehow God lives in it. We are willing to face hardship, we are content with all things that have ever come to us, we have no fear of the unknown future, if we believe that the love of God is larger than all dark things, and certain to use them to a beneficent end. Thus is religion our light to reveal even the hideous things of each day as truly helpful gifts from God.

Life is unspeakably rich, and there are no sunken treasures in the sea like to the treasures in the meanest day that dawns

with drizzly sky or meagre outlook. Life is rich in opportunity for every noble faculty of yours to assert itself, and for every atom of your undeveloped strength to reach out and battle with giants. Life is rich because full of helpful things, full of hills, trees, gold, difficulties, hints, sins, and brother-souls, multitudinous objects, "through which," as Thomas Hill Green says, "the Deity, who works unseen behind them, pours the truth and love which transform your capabilities into realities." In a day, through all these worldly surroundings of ours, God pours into our souls beauty, truth, and love; and, thus enlightened and made strong by the touch of common things, we may go forth in finer and more active manhood. A day is a magnificent gift. So let none think themselves unloved of God or neglected in life's distribution of treasures. God maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good. He giveth days to every living creature, be he vile or saintly. Therefore, if any do not discover the riches enfolded in this gift, where lies the fault but with themselves? Some there are who trample pearls under their feet, and make of a day only a fretful, empty, miserable thing. They do it themselves. The pearls are lustrous, and the days offer unrivalled things. Why are any souls so hasty, brutish, blind? Why any so dull of sight as not to value pearls, so dull of mind as not to find the sweet kernel in the husks of the quietest and gloomiest day? The eternal Justice bestows these rarest treasures, the gifts of days, upon all souls alike. 'Tis for everybody that the universe labors, and makes a new day. Such a gift, unsought, undeserved, unavoidable, comes to us to-morrow; and then some of us will scorn it, miss its beauty, neglect its love, but some, thank God, will receive it gratefully, and patiently win from it all these gracious, exalted things. All depends upon how we take our days and what we do with them.

One day, well used, makes the next day dawn with clearer beauty and more easily discovered truth. In all things to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance. See to it, then, that your mind is right to-day; for, if it is, to-morrow will heap blessings upon you, and the next day prove a very gate of heaven. Then for you the successive common days, that for some unhappy fool suggest only wormwood, discontent, and remorse, will throb with ever-increasing joy until your life is one everlasting prayer of praise to the Giver of the days.

ADAPTATION.

The heron stands by the shaded pool,
  And blends with the shadows passing,
With water shallows and dappled weeds,
  And the hues of clouds that are massing.

The plover, drifting along the shore,
  Seems a part of the great waves breaking;
The albatross has the hue the clouds
  Still wear when the storm is waking.

The hidden lake with its glassy breast,
  And its lilies white and golden,
And the green and gray of the wood duck melt
  In the shimmer of light there holden.

The kingfisher stands amid the flags
  By the reedy bank of the river,
All silvery blue with a purple sheen,
  Like the shadows that round him quiver.

The greenfinch seems a part of the wood,
  With its yellows and greens all gleaming;
And, mixed with the dead brown leaves, the quail
  Defies all the hunter's scheming.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

SPENCER'S ETHICS.

A BRIEF CRITICAL EXAMINATION, WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO ITS CONSISTENCY.

So far as I am able to apprehend it, Mr. Spencer's general system of ethics is as follows: *—

The data of ethics are given by man and society as products of evolution, in their physical, biological, and psychological aspects. That is, ethics deals with moral phenomena as products of evolution. This being so, it is but natural that there should be a certain indefiniteness in the conception of ethics, since, if I understand him aright, it is fundamental to the evolutionary view that conduct which has *no apparent ethical quality* passes into *ethical* conduct by insensible gradations. Our first data, then,—preliminary to the data of ethics properly so

*The references are to D. Appleton & Co.'s edition of "The Principles of Ethics," in 2 vols.

called,—are the phenomena and laws of *conduct* (*i.e.*, the adjustment of acts to ends), *ethics* having for its subject-matter proper the *more highly evolved* conduct, but this more highly evolved conduct not being interpretable except in the light of the less highly evolved conduct from which it grew. Conduct being the adjustment of acts to *ends*, in order to judge conduct, we must know what the ends are; and, in order to pass upon ethical conduct, the criterion of ethics must be established. This preliminary question Spencer answers by means of a combination of the inductions at his disposal from the preceding investigations in his system of philosophy, and deductions therefrom, the result being that the end of ethics is *happiness*. From this he draws the conclusion that no conduct which does not produce pure pleasure can be absolutely right; that the conduct with which at the present stage of evolution we have to deal is in fact, as a rule, more or less wrong,—the least wrong, or relatively right, being the desideratum of practical ethics.

But before he leaves the subject of absolute ethics he opens the way for his future discussion of proximate ends, by recognizing that, when their relative positions are properly understood, those ethical systems which make virtue, right, obligation, etc., the cardinal aims, are complementary to those which make welfare, pleasure, happiness, the cardinal aim; and by setting forth that, although the moral sentiments generated in civilized men by daily contact with social conditions and gradual adaptations to them are indispensable as incentives and deterrents, and although the intuitions corresponding to these sentiments have, in virtue of their origin, a general authority to be reverently recognized, yet, to make guidance by the sympathies hence originating, together with their intellectual expressions, adequate to all requirements, their dictates must be interpreted and made definite by science. In other words, the higher forms of conduct may take as guides innate perceptions of right duly enlightened and made precise by intelligence, "while conscious that these guides are proximately supreme solely because they lead to the ultimate supreme end, happiness special and general." (Vol. i. p. 173.)

Proceeding to the examination of the data of ethics referred to above, in various relations, he is enabled to form certain judgments of a general nature, such as the dependence of the ethical standard upon the mode of life,—militancy tending to an ethics of enmity, and peaceful relations to the ethics of amity,—the human mind, as such, having no originally implanted conscience.

Turning his attention next to the application of ethics to individual life, he calls attention to the fact that, since self-preservation is effected only by the performance of actions which are prompted by desires, the satisfaction of these desires is to be enjoined if life is to be maintained. He then examines in detail the more striking relations of life in which these individual desires appear, in order to bring out proximate ethical rules, but concludes this department of investigation with the warning that, while rules thus reached may prevent the respective kinds of activity from diverging far on either side of moderation, they cannot produce a perfect life, which can only be brought about (in case of private or public life) "by the gradual remoulding of human nature into fitness for the social state." *Eventually, all conduct will be spontaneously regulated by natural promptings.*

He then turns his attention to man as a social being; and, returning to the fundamental postulate that happiness is the end of conduct and the criterion of ethics, he deduces from the hypothesis that life is a means to happiness the principle that, "relatively to the species, the acts which subserve the maintenance of the individual and the preservation of the race are classed by us as right," and, further, that acts which tend to the preservation of the *race* are of superior obligation to those which relate directly to the *individual*. The first corollary from this is that among adults benefits should be directly proportioned to merits, since only through the survival of the fittest is the species maintained in vigor. A second corollary is that, as between young and old, this law must be reversed; and a third is that in certain cases the sacrifice of meritorious individuals may be right if, thereby, the species is preserved. This being the law of animal ethics generally, when attention is turned to gregarious animals considered *as* gregarious (waiving the

consideration of the special cases provided for by the third corollary, and considering only the relations between adults), the mutual interests of the several individuals constituting the social aggregate make it necessary to formulate the general law of justice—the chief application of which is to human beings—thus: every individual is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other. That this is the law of justice may be deduced not only from the nature of man (*biologically*), but also from the sentiments, or "forms of consciousness, created by the moulding of human nature into these conditions" (*psychologically*),—all animals, with increasing distinctness as they increase in intelligence, exhibiting the *feeling* which the law of justice expresses. The conclusion is also enforced by inductions. As Spencer proceeds to extract from the law thus established certain corollaries, ranging from the right of physical integrity to the right of bequest, he at the same time shows that accumulated experiences have prompted men to establish laws harmonizing with the corollaries which follow from the principle of equal freedom, and have led them to cease from activities in violation of this principle; and he further sets forth that, from the standpoint of political economy, harmony and efficiency of co-operation are best achieved by conformity to the principle of equal freedom.

From the point of view thus reached and by means of the proximate laws of conduct thus attained, he proceeds to lay down in a general way the duties and limitations of the social body as a corporate entity and of individuals as members of society, and, finally, to make the further distinction between justice and beneficence, such ethical considerations as are not deducible from the law of equal freedom being classified by him as beneficence,—which it is no part of the State's duty to concern itself with, the duties of negative and positive beneficence being within the exclusive province of the individual.

This is in outline Mr. Spencer's system of ethics. I have not given his specific conclusions, because they are not necessary to an understanding of his theory, and, I must add, because in very many cases they seem to have no necessary relation with his system of evolutionary ethics. Indeed, I am inclined to think that all that strictly belongs to his theory of evolutionary ethics is contained in his "Data" and his "Inductions," the remaining four parts of his "Principles of Ethics" consisting in the main of the private opinions and inherited prejudices of an Englishman whose name happens to be Herbert Spencer, and who, probably because of that fact, has made a strenuous effort—though hardly a successful one—to make these personal opinions appear to have a vital connection with the evolutionary system of ethics put forth by the philosopher of that name.

If in the preceding outline I have correctly interpreted Mr. Spencer's system of ethics, I have little to offer in criticism of his general theory. My criticism is rather that his work does not correspond to his programme. The chief weakness, perhaps, is the lack of a clear definition of ethics; and, good as is the excuse which an evolutionist can offer for this shortcoming (*supra*, p. 343), it must be admitted that it has led to confusion. This we may see by comparing his definition of the scope of ethics in the third paragraph of the first section of "Justice" with that in the first paragraph of section 81 (p. 149). In the earlier passage he seems to consider ethics as objective, rejecting the notion that "praiseworthy" and "blameworthy" have any essential part to play in ethics; while in the latter passage he appeals to these notions as constituting a criterion whereby he may bar out the vegetable and inorganic world from the field of ethics. In this connection the way in which he shuts out from the domain of ethics certain considerations as to human conduct in section 104, paragraph 3, (p. 189), while elsewhere he tells us that the satisfaction of such purely animal wants as the desires for food, warmth, etc., as necessary to physical comfort, *are* of ethical significance, should be noted.

Before leaving this point, it may be well to indicate what (accepting Spencer's doctrine as to what constitute the *data* of ethics) the scope of ethics is, according to my own view. The task of ethics, I think, is the determination of what conduct is most conducive to fulness and largeness of life, to the freest and most harmonious exercise of the activities of our nature,—that conduct which

will bring us into the most perfect harmony with the universe as a whole. An examination of man in nature and in society shows us this as the tendency, the direction, of evolution; and this therefore should be our criterion of ethics. In so far as we learn inductively that man finds happiness in conformity to this principle, and in *proportion* to the conformity of his life thereto, we may of course use happiness as a concomitant test.

I have already intimated my opinion that Spencer starts with the right data; but a word of explanation may be necessary here. In reasoning upon, unfolding, and explaining a subject, Spencer continually passes from induction to deduction, and from deduction to induction, as does every true scientist; but his love of system leads him into a somewhat pedantic effort to make it appear that he has demonstrated his various conclusions both by deductive argument and by one or more distinct lines of inductive reasoning. Accordingly, he gives the impression that a certain book or chapter or group of chapters or sections is concerned exclusively with deduction, and a certain other part of his work with induction, when this is by no means the case. In his book "The Data of Ethics," while he gives us principles as well as facts, he really starts from phenomena, the facts of life. It is not true that that book is a book of deductions and the next a book of inductions. In both the *a priori* and the *a posteriori* reasoning are largely mingled.

I should perhaps consider here another peculiarity of his treatment, which, while it is rather a matter of detail than an essential part of his system of evolutionary ethics, yet mars so large a part of his work—practically, the whole of the second volume—that it demands attention. While in the first part of his work (vol. i. p. 173, quoted *supra*) he states quite fairly the true place, in the system, of proximate ends and proximate rules, yet elsewhere—particularly in the latter part of the work, in the books which treat of justice and beneficence—he assumes that proximate rules, such as the law of freedom and its "corollaries," are to be followed absolutely without reference to the general principle of ethics (conduciveness to happiness), and, indeed, that reference to the general principle for counsel in a specific case is pernicious, right conduct in the given case being attainable only by means of the proximate guide. This is a false assumption; for, while it is true that in the infinite complexity of life we cannot foresee all the possible consequences of an action, and it may therefore be advisable not to waste time in attempting to discover the application to the given situation of a remote, abstract first principle, but rather to act in accordance with the special rule generally applicable in such cases, yet it is to be remembered that, whether these proximate rules be regarded as inductions from a considerable number, but not from all possible cases having a similarity to the one in question, or as more or less perfect deductions from general principles, in *either* case these proximate rules lack universality and authority. I may illustrate what I mean by referring to a hypothetical justification of X.'s particular testamentary disposition of the property he had held in his lifetime, by appeal to the right of bequest, which, *subject to certain limitations* Spencer deduces, by *a rather shaky* demonstration, from the right of gift, derived in turn from the *conditional* right of *property*, which leans upon the right to *use* of natural media, and is derived (as is the right of gift directly, by a far-fetched sort of reasoning) from the law of equal freedom! When all the *ifs* and *buts* involved in the chain of reasoning upon which the proposed proximate rule depends are taken into account, it must be admitted that it does not make a very strong support for a particular conclusion!

I have tried to bring out the fact that anything like an exhaustive criticism of Spencer's two volumes on Ethics would have to be not so much a criticism of his theory of ethics as a criticism of his numerous false applications of and departures from that theory. To enter upon these specific criticisms would be to undertake the writing of a ponderous volume. The book "Justice," for instance, cannot be taken by itself as expository of Spencer's system of ethics. If we take it alone, while full of valuable truths dropped by the way, it is a mass of false reasoning. Its errors are practically innumerable. I have already indicated some. I do not remember whether it is *Puck* or *Life* that has undertaken to

show that under certain circumstances it is quite proper *to put the cart* before the mule, and presumably also *before the horse.* Mr. Spencer seems to be in agreement with this view of the matter. His derivation of the right to physical integrity from the law of equal freedom looks that way. It is strange, too, that a man with his ironical power should show himself so devoid of humor as, after laying down the proposition that "rights truly so called are corollaries from the law of equal freedom, and what are falsely called rights are not deducible from it," gravely to assert that bequest is an ethical right which the State should protect, but that the suffrage is not a right at all, and that the State should not extend it to all classes. It is amusing that, while he inveighs against the paternalism of a government that would violate freedom of contract, interfere with a man's personal freedom, and invade the sanctity of his home, in order to enforce sanitary regulations, he should almost in the same breath argue that the State in its wisdom should kindly and paternally withhold the franchise from the greater part of the community because they really wouldn't know how to use it, and would make such a mess of government if left to themselves that it is better that they should be cared for by their wiser fellow-citizens! With an air of vast superiority he tells us, very wisely (section 101), that "it is tacitly assumed by nearly all that there is but one conception of the State: whereas, *if, recognizing the truth that societies evolve, we learned the lesson which evolution at large teaches us, we shall infer that probably the State has in different places and times essentially different natures.*" He afterward declares that the *only* proper thing for *any* civilized State to do is to keep people from knocking one another on the head and to see that they stand by their bargains. In section 114, which contains his fling against the State undertaking "to see that a man's sink-trap is in order," he insists upon the State's duty of seeing that A. and B. in their private transactions do just as they previously agreed to, apparently oblivious of the fact that it is of far more interest to the public that the sanitary condition of A.'s premises should be such as to avoid the breeding of a pestilence, which would threaten the happiness and the life of every member of the community, than it is that he should work for B. under the exact conditions that he promised to observe when he entered his employment a few months before.

But, as I have no idea of enumerating all of Mr. Spencer's inconsistencies and absurdities, I will stop here. It must be evident to any careful reader of his work that, even if the law of equal freedom does embrace all that the State should concern itself with, Mr. Spencer's opinions as to what the principle covers, and what is outside its purview, are, to say the least, rather arbitrary.

To sum up, it seems that, while Mr. Spencer's theory—that the data of ethics are the phenomena of human life, as seen in the light of evolution, and that the satisfaction of man's natural impulses (which satisfaction Mr. Spencer expresses under the term "happiness") is the criterion of ethics—is fundamentally correct, yet the superstructure he has attempted to rear upon this basis is not properly connected therewith, and, whether true or false, the conclusions set forth in "Justice" have very little, if any, connection with the premises of his system.

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II.

"I ended a universal sceptic, so far as human systems of philosophy were concerned, so far as they pretended to solve the enigma of God and man, of life and death, but with a heart, nevertheless, yearning after truth, and even full of faith, if that may be called faith which would instinctively lay hold upon a God and a hope of immortality, and, though beaten back once and again by every form which the syllogism could assume, still keep its hold."—*Aurelian, by W. Ware,* p. 178.

The clergyman was absorbed in his own thoughts concerning his friend, while the latter, despite his calmness, was reflecting, as indeed he had often done, how very much less comfortable he himself was now in comparison with his comrade, who was able to rest satisfied in a settled faith. What, after all, had he to cling to except a wild instinct of God and immortality, imperishable, as it seemed, yet vague and formless compared with the symmetrical and widespreading structure of ancient faith wherein Whiting's spirit might find rest; while he

himself too often felt homeless, and like a wanderer who had not where to lay his head. He believed in God; yet how much stronger and nearer seemed the living trust of the man who still believed in the religion of his childhood, who believed that he was redeemed from sin by a Divine Friend who watched over him and had died for him, that a divine spirit dwelt and worked in his soul, that there was a heaven in store for him! How strange and wild were his own hopes of immortality compared with this, when all life's trials and duties lay as clear and plain in the cold light of facts as they could before the most conscientious enthusiast, only unbrightened by the softening gleam of hope and peace from the haven of rest far beyond! When he had caught sight of John Whiting in church that morning, though he had not appeared to the latter to see him at all, his feelings of deep and longing envy for Whiting's secure belief might have been expressed by the words wherein the spirit of the miserable Gawain addressed King Arthur:—

> . . . "There is an isle of rest for thee;
> And I am blown along a wandering wind,
> And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight!"

or by that musical, melancholy sentence from Thomas à Kempis that often breathed through his spirit like a sigh; "I long for the joy of peace; the peace of thy children I earnestly crave, who are fed by thee in the light of thy comfort." There were times—they might easily come again—when the morbid questionings to which none could give an answer seemed to underlie all common life until the fairest and, in other moods, most congenial things appeared hateful from this haunting sense of hideous insecurity. He could easily talk to Whiting about his doubts, his own interpretations of the doctrines: these were things comparatively intellectual; but, when it came to venturing into the deeper regions of feeling and spiritual experience, he shrank from speech, and in truth was aware that his innate reserve upon such subjects often led him into concealing his real self beneath a surface of hardness or levity which made him pass for far worse than he was at heart. He walked on, looking into the bright west, wondering whether John deemed him a castaway, or, as was the case, whether he would have owned even him for some sort of a Christian, had he known a little more of what was always passing in his soul. He, the orthodox one, could not guess how wildly the Theist, not once or twice in some great spiritual crisis, but at every turn of the most common life, keeps groping out into the darkness to feel for the invisible hand. If that hand might be found, might but close round him, and hold him, he would not fear the choking darkness or those deep abysses yawning upon every side. He would even face the possibility of nothingness hereafter if he only might feel sure that it was the same hand which had led him into life, and guarded him, that was going to extinguish that life; if only the last moment of consciousness might also be the one of supreme acquiescence and supreme peace in knowing that, although he might have no future, his brief existence had not been homeless and fatherless, but had lain, from first to last, within the grasp of the one being who knew him and owned him, and concerning whom his own weary doubtings could not wholly banish the sense of unreasoning trust.

Perhaps there may have been some good for this man in the shock and struggle with which his religion had been, as it were, driven out of his head in order to seek a desperate refuge in his heart; that the more every old form of intellectual belief went crashing to the ground, the more he strove to force his way out through the ruins into the free air beyond. Whiting, of course, did not take this view. What made him wonder was that any one disbelieving so much as Gordon did should yet crave religion with a despairing earnestness that could not be assumed. There was no mistaking the look on that face he had read in the church. He had seen it sometimes on women's faces when they were listening to sermons about faith and doubt, seldom on the features of a man. He was accustomed to find free thinkers loving to sneer, and pour contempt upon the forms of religion, or, at best, coldly turning from them aside. There were religious rationalists, he knew, who held themselves entitled to join in all services and even in the communion. What should he ever have done, he wondered, if his friend had ventured thus to present himself at a service he was celebrating? His

own judgment pronounced him unworthy; yet, in spite of all objections, he felt how hard, almost unbearable to himself it would be to turn away one who, in comparison with many worldly orthodox churchmen he had known, seemed as the publican was to the Pharisee in the parable that kept coming into his mind.

"You said, Eustace," Whiting resumed solemnly, "that you approve of baptism as the symbol of a great spiritual reality. Your presence at that other sacrament this morning—I have, perhaps, no right to ask you whether you attended it merely as a spectator or otherwise—leads me to wish to hear your views regarding this one."

"You heard me say, John, that I was no rude iconoclast. I have no sympathy with those reformers who would abolish everything outward, nor with those Quaker-like spiritualists who scorn the aid of ceremonies as unworthy of enlightened minds. I believe, then, in a matured, developed, expanded Christianity in the future, wherein the doctrines of the incarnation, atonement, redemption, salvation, and so on will be interpreted as expressing certain spiritual processes which should take place in each individual soul rather than as related to anything external and historical, yet a Christianity that shall be the worthy and legitimate descendant of that faith which, in widely different ways, is yet, I trust, equally dear and sacred to both your heart and mine. And in that Church of the Future I believe that both of these sacraments will have their place, no less reverenced than now. I regard the communion, then, as the simple and sublime expression of a great, perhaps I should say the greatest of all spiritual facts, as the eloquent symbol of the relation of the human soul to its Creator and, what necessarily must follow, of its relation to its fellow-men, as a genuine 'means of grace' to all who are humbly and sincerely striving after the higher life. I will add that I cannot help wishing that the oft-recurring expression of the 'blood of Christ' might be sometimes altered into the 'spirit of Christ,' since, as Dean Stanley says, the word 'blood' is intended to signify the 'innermost essence of Christ's character, which, as I said before, is the power that can cleanse the human heart. I say this, not superstitiously, but as referring to the rich indwelling in Jesus of that spirit of God which made him what he was, and which to-day is striving to make us into what we ought to be. And each one is a true communicant in whom that spirit is doing its work. I once saw an old picture called 'The Church triumphing by Means of the Holy Eucharist,' representing the Church of Rome as a woman holding aloft the sacred Monstranz containing the consecrated host, and driving in a triumphal chariot through the ranks of a rejoicing crowd, while hideous monsters, symbolizing vice and heresy, lay crushed beneath the wheels. To me it seemed a most expressive though perhaps unconscious allegory, of what liberal minds believe to be the deepest, highest meaning embodied in this rite,—the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual power which, could it ever gain full, free, unhindered access to men's souls, would slowly, surely tread down sin and falsehood as those monsters in the painting were crushed, while Religion went on her way in triumph. And in the possibility of this great redemption I, as I have said, believe; in the fact of its being an inward process, and no mere acceptance of dogmas, I believe; in the right of every man and woman who is struggling to lead a religious life to partake of that sacrament I believe, believing also that the only real excommunication is that of dwelling in deliberate, wilful, unrepented sin. And thus, in this faith, this hope, I endeavor to penetrate beyond the creeds into all that they feebly represent; in this, it may too often be a feeble, baffled, yet always honest and longing effort to bring my own soul yet more within the influence of that power dwelling behind all systems, whom we worship, I venture—blame me if you will—to approach the altars served by liberal-minded priests whose tolerance, as I know, extends even to myself. Had it not been for this struggle to retain some desperate hold upon some higher source of strength to keep alive my sense of things unseen, preserve some outward bond of Christian fellowship, I should, I know, have drifted even farther away from Orthodoxy than I have done,—into what depths of heart-unbelief or of outward transgression who can tell? I do not ask you your own opinion of this: I will only add that I have never yet dared to draw near to that sacrament unless my own

heart seemed to assure me that, if Christ were standing there, beside his altar, and beheld me coming to it, like the others, he would not cast me out."

The answer spontaneously arising from Whiting's heart just then was so different from the one suggested by his sense of what a clergyman should utter that he made no reply at all, but kept looking at his friend with solemn eyes, while Gordon added, after a pause,—

"You see that I am inclined toward the Quaker doctrine of the 'Inward Light' by which we are to guide our steps."

"It is that Light which you worship," said John reverently,—"the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Gordon answered only by a gesture as they paused, and stood looking at the wide expanse of golden afternoon sky along the low horizon, and the far-off sweep of hills. Rome seemed to lie at a great distance across the grassy plain, soon to be all aflame with wild flowers and scarlet poppies, lifting her gigantic dome and the high summits of her countless churches into the sparkling air. The Via Appia was solitary. Only here and there a carriage rolled along the huge, flat stones toward the gate of St. Sebastian, or was seen afar, traversing the broad road that encircles the walls.

The two friends stood in silence; and Gordon, as he looked at the broken lines of hoary aqueducts straggling across the plain, thought how, when the ancient structures of faith, built centuries ago to convey the freshening currents to the soul, have fallen into ruin, a man must, as it were, endeavor to bore an artesian well down into the very centre of his nature to try whether he may not find, deeply hidden and hitherto unknown, some clear spring, some "well of water springing up unto everlasting life," whereat he may slake his thirst. For Whiting it seemed as if there could be no such lack. He, with his clearly-defined views and solid sense of the sympathy of a widely-extended band of fellow-thinkers and fellow-workers, could have but small conception of the weary thirst of the soul that often has to faint through the long seasons of spiritual drought. He would have said, perhaps, that such a pining languor was a man's own fault, that the living waters ever flow for those who truly seek; and he compelled himself to speak for a little while upon the topics under discussion in the orthodox style which every one can imagine for themselves until some remark from Gordon led him to exclaim:—

"Your stubborn intellect rejects all doctrine based upon authority; yet your heart craves the very nourishment that is freely given by accepting those doctrines, and you unwittingly prove their necessity, and live in a tormenting contradiction.

"It is a paradox, John, that rends the soul asunder. God grant that you may never know it! And I will add, in your own estimates hereafter of the doubters, instead of putting into our mouths those lines from 'The Palace of Art,' where the soul, consumed by intellectual pride, exclaims,—

> 'I care not what the sects may brawl:
> I sit as God, holding no form of creed,
> But contemplating all,'

you had better alter those words into,—

> 'I cling to God, holding no form of creed,
> But seeking strength from all.'"

Whiting felt the tears in his own eyes, but he said quietly:—

"Such may be your own case; but I wish it were the case with many who, far from admitting even that eclecticism of which I, it seems not unjustly, accused you a while ago, are glad to go out of their way to hunt down and torture any soul they may meet that acknowledges the need for religion at all. Not that I ever thought it was so with you."

"It is not, and never will be: I will let the hell-hounds of doubt tear and rend me as they will rather than let one human soul be pained by any doubts of mine. Ah, John, you do not think how often those whom you regard as joyfully quitting the sanctuary of faith have been rudely thrust outside by some cruel hand,—perhaps, what is almost worse, some hand of mistaken kindness!"

The tears came afresh into Whiting's eyes; and he did not speak.

"I must thank you, John, for having heard me as a man, though you sought me as a priest. You belong to a church which is going out, though it has not yet gone, and I to one that is coming in, but has not yet come, will not fully come for very long.

It is to that Church of the Future, that renewed and revitalized Christianity, that I turn for hope. You accept the law of progress. You admit how much Christianity has grown and expanded since the days when Saint Sebastian, whose church stands yonder, was the type of the 'Miles Christi,' as he is called in his epitaph, beside the beautiful recumbent statue beneath his altar; yet you are reluctant to allow the possibility of a far wider growth. And we might dispute forever."

As Gordon and the clergyman walked, for the most part in silence, homeward along the Appian Way, and neared the church of "Domine, quo vadis," Gordon looked out into the sunset, and thought, with his usual outburst of wild imagination always underlying common life, how, if he could behold the form of Christ appearing from out that golden distance, shrouded in mysterious halo, as he is coming across the midnight sea to the distressed disciples in their boat, in a picture he had seen, what comfort it would be thus to have some visible source of appeal from out the invisible world! For Whiting that world was, as it were, mapped out into more or less distinct regions of probation or reward, while to Gordon it seemed only like nebulous masses which his friend, viewing them through the strong lens of faith, could easily resolve into stars. Gordon would not enter upon these questions with those whose minds were as yet undisturbed; and so he lived beneath a heavy burden of sadness, isolated from the orthodox, and shrinking from those hard cynics whose vaunting atheism nearly drove him mad. He longed for the day, probably still far distant, when the liberal—he would say the liberated—Christianity, which it is so difficult to define, should be victorious, foreseeing still more remotely the time when even the cathedrals of England should become the temples of this broader worship, when not only the moral emotions, but the critical, rational, scientific portions of man's nature, under the guidance of healthful common sense, should be able to give the anxious soul a satisfying answer to the deep question, "What think ye of Christ?"

He would not say this to Whiting, reluctant to give him more pain, whom he not only liked, but, country clergyman though he was, could not help envying for the possession of his untroubled faith, his vocation that suited him, his innate spirit of charity and love for doing good. But he said at last:—

"We will agree to differ; but, when you are again in the midst of your work at home, John, think of me, not as an aggressive sceptic who loves to attack the very soul of all that you hold sacred, but rather as the Christian rationalist whose spirit, shrinking even as yours would from the edge of that abyss of atheism which simply means the blackest hell that human fancy ever painted, seeks, even as you do, though in different fashion, to find, to lay hold upon, and to serve your God."

"In different fashion, Eustace,—how different from what it was in our boyish days when we were confirmed together, and I never could have thought that you would fall away like this," said Whiting, with genuine feeling trembling in his voice as he looked into his friend's face.

"Fallen away, I confess, from your standard of belief,—not in conduct, nor in that same earnestness you truly said we shared. You condemn me. It is most natural, most inevitable, in a man whose mind has been trained in such a school as yours. May you never know what doubt is. Perhaps in the coming generation even the highest Churchmen may feel the ever-advancing tide of change to be dashing round their feet."

"No," Whiting interrupted quickly, "not we who feel our feet fixed firmly upon the unchanging rock."

"We doubters, too, may find that rock that is higher than ourselves. He whom your church repels as unworthy to approach her altar may yet be one who struggles in a lonely battle to draw near with faith to the very spirit of that altar, to make its spirit, as a High Churchman has expressed it, 'the focus of his spiritual life,' and in his own way — call him a rationalist if you will—seeks to win that purification through Christ's spirit whereby Christ can be made, in very deed, his Saviour, and the Saviour of all. Therefore, with my soul crying out for a faith as wildly as yours or any Churchman's, what can I do but strive, as with the grasp of a drowning man, to cling fast to your God and mine, the one Mighty Spirit, behind, beyond, above all creeds of man's invention, all doubts with which he

can torment his own soul or his neighbor's, whom I seek—and find.

'Nothing before, nothing behind;
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The Rock beneath.'

"You may take those lines from Whittier's 'My Soul and I' for the summary of all I have tried to say to you in so many words. No, I am no agnostic, if that means one who rejects everything. Call me Christian Rationalist, or else broadest Broad Churchman if you choose. And I will add from another of Whittier's poems,—he, the Quaker, knows how to reach down into the deep places of the soul:—

'And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee.' "

Gordon was silent; and Whiting, as they parted, kept pondering over the strange truth, which one of the foremost of American High Churchmen* has well expressed, when he said that doubt and faith can exist in the same heart side by side.

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VANITY AND ITS CURE.

"God be thanked," my friend said to me, "I have passed safely through a most terrible misfortune of my life. I had lost my life, but now I have found it. The world, like a cloud in summer noon-time, had dissolved, leaving only a blank hideous glare before my aching eyes; but now I have reconstructed it. If a worse situation than that of the Castaway bewept by the poet Cowper be imaginable, that situation was mine; but now I have been rejoined to my fellows. Humbly, fearing lest I lose my God again through vanity, let me thank him for this restoration. He is most merciful."

I requested him to tell me the story of his misfortune.

"You have seen," he said, "how the little drops of rain make a pool of dirty water in the muddy streets of the town. Even so did weariness, drop by drop, collect and gather in my soul. Every moment whose duty was not done, every occasion when life's energy was wasted, contributed to that bitterness. I had occasional spurts of energy, intellectual and moral, grim resolves to burn the devil within me; but these profited me little. If I rose, I fell again. The shadow of despair haunted me always, and blackened for me whatever I might have taken delight in. And then a mad, morbid self-consciousness possessed me. I wanted to be happy, to be at rest. I wanted something which I could name truly personal, truly mine own. I wanted a permanent source where comfort could always be found for the asking. I clamored for such a thing; but did I find it? Like Sir Jaques Melancholy, I was disposed to suck distress out of all things.

"What delight was in this life? I asked. Was it any good to add flesh to flesh and bone to bone, and then die? They that grovel in money grovel in dust, and the pleasures of the world are ashes. The passions torment the spirit like the Furies. Who but a fool expects peace in them? Oh, sooner may the sailor expecting safety embrace the furious waves of the sea which toss that slight speck-like vessel of his!"

"But surely," I said, "the beautiful objects and the sweet harmonies of nature delighted you,—the rose always charming, the stars always so bright and hopeful!"

"When I thought of the stars," he said, "I became filled with fear. I dared not call them personal. If, after having done a good deed, I went to them, expecting them to smile on me with bright, encouraging approbation, I found them staring, only staring at me. How could I understand that their light was to me a particular favor, when that same light went to the animals and to the vilest of the vile? If I was about to do some evil deed, then also they stared, only stared, as if they were simply curious to know how I behaved. In this stern, rigid indifference to all my cravings for sympathy they seemed very terrible. 'We have no friends and no enemies,' they said: 'we only watch and observe. We give no help. Find help in yourselves, or you will not find it at all.'

"You remember that anecdote of Leigh

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*Sermon by the Rev. Morgan Dix, "The Strife of Faith and Doubt in the Soul."

Hunt and Carlyle,—how they conversed on the prospects of the human race; how the kindly optimist, the friend of Shelley and Byron, rejoiced in the march of intellect and the progress of the race, and how the stern, truthful realist found all that talk to be simply cant, and considered the generations to be filled with men mostly fools: and how, when their discussion came to naught, and they were about to retire, Leigh Hunt, looking at the bright stars shining through a clear atmosphere overhead, found them scintillating bright counsels of hope and joyousness, and rated Carlyle for his melancholy, and how the latter, also looking, ejaculated, 'What a terribly sad sight!'

"Well, I also, led by vanity, tried to associate the beautiful objects of nature with my greedy cravings for sympathy, and found it to be a hopeless task. They always directed me to look inward for help; and that Help, seeking with vanity, alas! I found not."

"You might have found consolation in science or philosophy," I said.

"But I found vanity," he replied. "At the time when my character was dead, when the fleshly passions ceased not to come at intervals into my mind, what kind of comfort might I find in science or philosophy? Increase of knowledge really produced increase of sorrow, for it did not lessen my sorrow. And how very little I knew! And if I tried with proud attempts to forget my sorrow in a mad search after more and more knowledge, why, there was that immortal warning of Goethe's 'Faust' luminous before me. And all the scraps of knowledge I had got seemed to be like dried bones, in the midst of which, in that hideous charnel-house, I was like to perish with cold and gloom and starvation!"

I said, "The love of your friends and the protection of 'sweet home' might have helped you."

"Though I was vain," he replied, "I was truthful. And how could I, knowing what manner of creature I was, consider that I had a right to all that love or lay claim to it as personal, as something belonging to me? To me this was the bitterest sorrow,—that others were wishing me well, but that I was not becoming well. As the poisoned coat of Hercules burned his skin, so all that surrounding love was to me an instrument of torture. How often, besides, seeking the love of my friends, I found the moral law instead, and had to retire with shame!"

"But the counsels of the wise"—

"Alas! I could not assimilate them. Because I was vain and self-conscious, they could only galvanize me into occasional fits of energy."

"Thus," continued my friend, "the whole world became wasted by my vanity into an interminable wilderness, abounding only in empty and broken egg-shells."

And, as he spoke and remembered, I saw him shudder.

But I pressed him with another question. "Tell me," I said, "the way of your cure. Surely, God must have proved 'personal' to you."

When I named him, I saw the tears gathering in his eyes and his lips moving in prayer. Then, turning to me, he said:—

"I do not trust myself to speak of God and of his chastening, merciful, mysterious ways, lest I be found guilty of that sin of sins,—pride. But something I may tell you about how I sought him with vanity, and found him impersonal and indifferent, and how I sought him without vanity, and found him most personal and merciful. From my youth I had nursed my soul with lofty hopes and ambitions. I had, indeed, learned that all true work must be in God's service; but I wanted to be such a servant as would reflect glory upon God himself for possessing such a valuable servant as myself. Now I can state the fact baldly in its naked absurdity, but then I imbibed the poison as milk. And so I dreamed a dream of high heroic achievements, and filled my mind with innumerable good intentions, and became more proud of them than a dandy of his clothes. Did I but know that all my good intentions were only paving the way to hell! In a deluge of passions my good intentions became mostly invisible. I had ignored the moral law. Well, the moral law made me a futility.

"Then, I said, I must learn the moral law, learn all ways and means of culture, and so accomplish the highest culture in me. Still, with pride, I began the work, and applied myself to check this or that passion; but my pride begat irreverence, and my irreverence begat doubt and despair. Oh! the machinery of culture was every

way complete: nothing more was wanting than the spirit which could make it go.

"See! I tried many ways. I counted my good deeds, and based a claim upon them to the goodness of God; *i.e.*, I hoped I would be better in the future simply *because* I had been good in the past. When I prayed, I lashed my sensibilities to the bursting point, and thought that *therefore* my prayers would be answered. I discussed with all comers about the goodness of God, and hoped *thus* to get near him. I embodied into my worship and preaching scraps of Sanskrit or Hebrew or Greek, hoping *thereby* to convert both myself and others. I *proved* to my satisfaction that we were living in very blessed times, that few greater men have lived than those with whom we came in contact, and that *therefore* we must be saved. But all this was vanity. He, the most real, was silent and indifferent and irresponsive.

"And then I desisted. In the bitterness which soaked my soul, I learned the cause of my distress. Was it not this, that I had sought the happiness of virtues more than the virtues themselves? Was it not this, that, having arbitrarily set up an arbitrary end in view, I, losing simplicity, had tried in unholy and unsanctioned ways to compass that end? What had I *done* to be happy? Awhile ago I had not the right to be born even. And, now that I have been blessed with this human birth whereof the infinitely pure God is the father, the guide, and the comforter, could I not think less of happiness and more of his love?

"The more I thought in this way, the truer I found myself in my prayers. He made me tearful and humble and modest. I spurned aside all high hopes and ambitions. There are greater, better, holier workers in his vineyard than this unworthy servant. I do not know what may be his will with me. The duties of the hour he brings before me are too high for me. But, if for only three minutes I can converse with my brother with the purest, most sacred, least selfish love, I thank him immensely for having judged me worthy of this favor. And will he not give me a greater favor? Surely, he will when he thinks me worthy. And in the mean time what can I do but wait for it with anxious, tearful watchfulness; for he knoweth, since he hath himself told me, that I cannot live without it? Surely, he is the comforter! Surely, his comfort endureth forever!"—*The Interpreter, Calcutta, India.*

ALONG THE WAY.

It is half way up the hill
We faltering stand and turn.
'Tis the truth half told, the whispered word,
That causes tears to burn.

'Tis the step on the other side
That once walked close by our way.
'Tis the hand withheld, the strange glance given,
That clouds the light of our day.

It is missing the things we had,
It is laying the old ones by,
It is questions never answered,
That bring from our hearts the sigh.

It is hopes we held the brightest
We watch grow tarnished and dim.
'Tis the joyful song of the morning
Sung low for the evening hymn.

RACHEL B. MACMULLIN.

COL. INGERSOLL'S LATEST VIEWS ABOUT THE BIBLE.

I.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll is now delivering a "New Lecture on the Bible" in the large towns and cities of the country; and he recently visited Erie, Pa., where I had the pleasure of meeting and listening to him.

His lecture was marked by his usual brilliancy, wit, and eloquence, and deserves more consideration than many people seem disposed to give it.

Whenever a clergyman undertakes to criticise Mr. Ingersoll, the public expects to hear him denounced as an irreverent, half-informed, superficial sceptic, whose only object is to gain money and notoriety. But I, for one, do not believe that Col. Ingersoll is influenced by any such low motives. If he makes money out of his lectures, what of it? The ministers, professors, editors, and reviewers who criticise him make money by their sermons, lectures, and reviews; and I see no reason why he should not be paid for lectures upon which he spends time and labor. Compared with most sermons and lectures, they are worth far more than these,

because they are more eloquent, thoughtful, and learned.

The charge of superficiality commonly brought against Mr. Ingersoll is not even a half-truth. For, while he is not as profound as many other scholars of our time, he has shown himself to be more than a match for his theological opponents in the arena of debate; and often those who accuse him of superficiality are themselves the most superficial of men.

As to his seeking notoriety, every man who dissents from popular opinions, especially on religious subjects, is at once accused of seeking notoriety; and so this charge is not worth noticing.

It must be admitted, I suppose, that Mr. Ingersoll is "irreverent"; for he denounces with the bitterest scorn and sarcasm what most of his countrymen consider "sacred things," and his lecture on the Bible is full of such "irreverent" utterances. Yet two facts should be noted:—

1. Much, if not all, of what he says is true; and it should not be considered "irreverence" to tell the truth. Thus, in attacking the Hebrew idea of Jehovah, he is careful to distinguish what he considers the Bible's *misconceptions* of the Deity from "the real God" himself. Owing, however, to the fact that most people think that the Bible gives a true description of God's character, they think that Mr. Ingersoll blasphemes "the real God" when he calls Jehovah a devil. Yet I dare say that they would ridicule Mr. Ingersoll's idea of the Deity, if he were to express one, as strongly as he does their conception of this Being.

2. There are so many ridiculous and self-contradictory things in the popular creeds of Christendom that a man, with the keen sense of humor that Mr. Ingersoll has, cannot help seeing them and ridiculing them. Still, I think that Mr. Ingersoll makes a mistake here. Thomas Carlyle well says, "Ridicule is a dangerous element to sport in, a deadly one if a man habitually lives in it; and ridicule is no real test of truth."

I believe in treating men's beliefs, no matter how crude they may be, with respect and seriousness. And for this reason I can treat with respect the opinions of Mr. Ingersoll on the one hand and the tenets of Orthodoxy on the other.

Hence in this paper there will be no bitter denunciation of our sceptical friend; but I shall give him credit for perfect sincerity, for nobility of purpose, and for learning and eloquence.

And yet I shall differ from him very widely, not only in details, but in his general conclusions.

What he leaves unsaid seems to me even more important than what he says. And, while I agree with him much more fully than the average clergyman does, yet it seems to me that the inferences and conclusions he draws from the facts he states are wholly erroneous, even from his own standpoint.

This article is written, as will soon appear, not in the interest of Orthodoxy or traditionalism, but in the interest of true liberalism. Mr. Ingersoll seems to me to be failing to help the liberal cause as much as he might if he were to say certain things which he leaves unsaid, and which he might truthfully say from his own standpoint; and this is one of the chief reasons why I write this article.

There are some subjects which Mr. Ingersoll discusses, such as the existence and nature of God, the future destiny of man, and the presence of evil and suffering in the world, which are such profound mysteries that one cannot dogmatize on them. But in his last lecture he deals with a book which every one may study for himself, and the truth of which may be easily ascertained. If there are contradictions and errors in it, they may be readily pointed out; and, when discovered, every one, even the "unlettered man," may understand their significance. As a clergyman, I have, of course, devoted many years to a special study of this book; and this study long ago forced me to give up the traditional and popular view of the Bible. It cannot be accepted as the supreme authority in religion. I recognize no higher authority in religion than human reason. It is the only light we have to guide us anywhere or any whither, and the church's decrees and the Bible's teachings must submit to its scrutiny and judgment. I have followed this "little flame," as Mr. Ingersoll calls it, as faithfully as he has; and, while my "little flame" may be to his intellect as a tallow candle is to the sun, yet I know that "two and two make four," and the public may judge us both. May I add that

I am not deterred from accepting Mr. Ingersoll's conclusions about the Bible because "it is to my interest to defend it," or because I am "afraid of losing my ministerial position." As is pretty well known, I lost that position in the Episcopal Church because I questioned some of its dogmas; and, if necessary, I can lose it again in any other church. So, then, I am as free from theological trammels as Col. Ingersoll, and ask for as fair a hearing as is usually given him.

Before pointing out the defects of Mr. Ingersoll's lecture, I desire to summarize the truths he states, which are generally accepted by the ablest Biblical critics.

1. He says that the *authorship and dates of composition of a large number of the books of Scripture are unknown and unknowable, and this is true.* Moses did not write the Pentateuch, but it was written ages after his death by several unknown persons. Nobody knows who wrote the books of Joshua, Judges, First and Second Samuel, First and Second Kings, First and Second Chronicles, Ezra and Nehemiah. The Psalms were not written by David, and the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes were not written by Solomon. "All we know," says our lecturer, "is that these books are of no value." We shall see presently whether this statement is true or not. "The New Testament," he says, "is worse than the old. The authorship of the Gospels is utterly unknown."* The first part of this statement is not true: the second part is.

2. Mr. Ingersoll next attacks the *miracles* recorded in both the Old and New Testaments, the stories about Elijah, Elisha, Jonah, etc., as well as those about Jesus; and I agree with him that no miracle, in the true sense of that word, has ever happened.† The events recorded in the Bible as miracles either never happened at all or they were extraordinary natural events that were mistaken for miracles by the superstitious people of those times.

3. In the third place, Mr. Ingersoll claims that the *science of the Bible is false;* and this claim is true.‡ Copernicus destroyed its astronomical teaching, Sir Charles Lyell destroyed its geology, and Charles Darwin exploded its crude guess as to man's origin. Even Mr. Gladstone, one of the shrewdest of all "the reconcilers" of Science and Scripture, has not been able to "reconcile" Genesis and geology.*

4. Mr. Ingersoll, further, attacks the *moral and religious teaching of the Bible.* He says it sanctions polygamy, slavery, wars of extermination, capital punishment for trivial offences, lying, larceny, murder, robbery, and other crimes; and the Hebrew idea of Jehovah is barbarous. All this is true. The patriarchs, David and Solomon, were polygamists; and they are supposed to have been "inspired men." Moses sanctioned slavery (Ex. xxi. 1–8). Joshua slaughtered the Canaanites, men, women, and children, by the (alleged) command of Jehovah (Josh. x. 40, etc.). Jehovah is said to have put a lying spirit in the mouth of certain prophets (1 Kings xxii. 23), and to have accepted Jephthah's daughter as a sacrifice (Judges xi. 30, 31, and 39). All this and much more like it is undeniable, and it is foolish and useless to call a man a blasphemer because he points out such defects in the Bible.

Mr. Ingersoll's treatment of the Ten Commandments, however, is far more objectionable and superficial than his discussion of the other moral precepts of the Old Testament. "All of the Ten Commandments [he says] that were good were old: all that were new were foolish."† The first part of this statement is true: the last part is not true. The Egyptian "Book of the Dead" (chap. 125) contains the substance of the Ten Commandments, and this is frankly admitted by even the orthodox Dr. Geikie.‡ Moses, according to both Scripture (Ex. ii. 1–10, Acts vii. 22) and Egyptian history,§ was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," being educated

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* See Ingersoll's "Lecture on the Bible," pp. 7–10, published by C. P. Farrel, New York. I also use notes taken on his recent lecture in this city.

† See "Lecture," pp. 45–54.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 12, 13, and 23, 24.

* See "The Dawn of Creation and Worship" by Gladstone and Huxley, published by Truth-Seeker Company, New York, and Huxley's recent volume, "Some Controverted Questions," chaps. ii. and iii.

† "Lecture," p. 17, etc.

‡ Geikie's "Hours with the Bible," vol. ii. chap. iv. p. 131.

§ Ewald's "History of Israel," vol. ii. pp. 76–94, and Josephus "Against Apion," Book I. chap. 26.

by the priests at Heliopolis. When, therefore, he led his people out of Egypt, it was easy for him to formulate the Decalogue from the moral principles he had learned. The book of Exodus claims that Jehovah miraculously gave Moses the Tables of the Law on Mt. Sinai (Ex. xxxi. 18); but this book was not written by Moses, and later writers simply claimed this for him, because the commandments seemed to them products of divine inspiration, and they were superstitious enough to believe that God could talk to man. But, while the Ten Commandments were not original with Moses, this does not destroy their truth or detract from his merit. It requires almost as much mental power to appreciate genius and use its work as it does to originate that work. Mr. Ingersoll frankly admits that Shakspere, "the greatest genius of our world," in his opinion, "made use of the work of others. The only question [he rightly says] is how the accomplishments of other minds are used, whether as a foundation to build higher, or whether stolen to the end that the thief may make a reputation for himself." * The greatest religious geniuses of history builded on others' foundations. Neither Buddha nor Mohammed was absolutely original.† Even Jesus said that he had not come to destroy, but to fulfil the Law and the Prophets; and many of his doctrines are found in the Old Testament. According to the theory of evolution, which Mr. Ingersoll accepts, there is nothing absolutely new under the sun. Everything is related to a pre-existing thing: every man is the product of his ancestry and surrounding conditions. Justinian was not the originator of the Code, Pandects, and Institutes; but we think none the less of "the founder of Roman jurisprudence" because he simply revised and codified already existent laws, for it required as great ability and labor to do this as it would to have originated new laws.‡ We do not discredit Martin Luther's work because he merely rejected the errors of Romanism and held on to the truths of Protestantism; for, of course, he did not originate the Protestant doctrines. There is nothing new in what Mr. Ingersoll says about the Bible; yet I do not, for this reason, accuse him of a lack of originality or belittle his power and ability. Moses was the deliverer of his nation from Egyptian bondage; and, if Abraham Lincoln deserves credit for writing the "Emancipation Proclamation" and delivering the American negroes from slavery, Moses certainly deserves as much credit. Moses gave the Ten Commandments to his people, and he deserves as much credit for it as Buddha did for rejecting the superstitions of Brahminism and formulating *his* Ten (or Five) Commandments. Moses gave a code of civil laws to his people (Ex. xxi.–xxiii.); and while they were defective, in that they sanctioned slavery and other immoral practices, yet he ranks with the great lawgivers of antiquity,—Solon, Justinian, and others, —for their laws were also defective, and the Mosaic Code is full worthy of comparison with Greek and Roman law.

Mr. Ingersoll thinks that there are at least three of the Ten Commandments which are "foolish"; and the first is, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me" (Jehovah). But I am amazed that even a radical agnostic should say that this commandment was useless and foolish! Let it be admitted that Jehovah as conceived by the ancient Hebrews was as mean a god as Mr. Ingersoll claims he was; yet the *prohibition of polytheism and the limitation of worship to one god was a distinct step forward in the progress of religious thought*, and hence this commandment marked an epoch in the religious history of the Israelite nation. Jehovah was a pretty bad god, but he was no worse than Baal, Chemosh, and Moloch; and the Israelites were constantly falling into the worship of these degrading idols, and the prohibition of such idolatry was entirely right and proper.

The commandment not to take God's name in vain is another one that Mr. Ingersoll thinks useless and foolish, because men everywhere will swear! I suppose, then, that, because men everywhere will steal, lie, murder, and commit adultery, these crimes should not be forbidden! Swearing does not, of course, injure God; but it does injure

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*Ingersoll's "Lecture on Shakspere," pp. 35, 36.

† See Rhys Davids's "Hibbert Lectures," chap. i.; Sale's "Koran," Introduction; Gibbon's "Rome," chap. 50; Muir's "Life of Mahomet."

‡ See articles on "Justinian" and "Roman Law" in Encyclopædia Britannica.

man, because it is coarse, degrading, and silly. It shows a lack of self-control, and is the fruitful parent of all sorts of irreverence. The third commandment forbids perjury; and, surely, Mr. Ingersoll believes that this scandalous evil needs to be prohibited now as much as in the time of Moses.

But even more astonishing is Mr. Ingersoll's contention that the commandment on the Sabbath is foolish and useless. Long before the time of Moses one day in seven was observed as a rest day and a religious day, and universal experience proves that man needs at least this much rest. The French revolutionists, it is well known, abolished the seventh, and instituted the tenth day as a rest day; but this soon proved to be unsatisfactory, and the seventh day had to be readopted. Jesus well said, "The Sabbath was made for man." It was made to satisfy his physical, mental, and moral needs. Many men have no time during the week for reading and study, and should devote Sunday to this purpose. The art galleries, museums, and public libraries should be kept open at least a part of Sunday; and the city bands should give open-air concerts in the parks Sunday afternoons for the benefit of those who cannot hear fine music at other times. While, therefore, I do not indorse either the old Jewish or Puritan Sabbath, it is unquestionably one of the most beneficent institutions we have; and the State is perfectly right in sanctioning it, though all "blue laws" should be abolished.

What, then, do the defects in the Bible cited by Mr. Ingersoll prove? *They destroy the infallibility of the Bible, and this destroys Orthodoxy.* What is "Orthodoxy"? It is rather difficult to answer that question in the present fluid state of theology. But it is safe to say that Orthodoxy gives the Bible the place of supreme authority in religion; and all its tenets—the doctrines of the Trinity, the Vicarious Atonement, the Fall of Man, Endless Punishment, Miracles, etc.—rest professedly upon the Bible. Some of the "liberal orthodox" theologians try to distinguish between the "infallibility" and the "inspiration" of the Scriptures. But, while there doubtless is a distinction between the two, yet no really orthodox theologian accepts any theory of inspiration which admits that there are serious moral and religious errors as well as scientific, numerical, and historical mistakes in the Bible; yet this is precisely what Mr. Ingersoll proves beyond question, and this is why, I say, he has destroyed the very foundations of Orthodoxy. Once admit, as the facts cited force us to admit, that the Biblical books contain many errors, and then we are obliged to judge critically all their utterances, and to accept or reject them according as our reason and conscience approve or disapprove them. The only valid reason for placing the authority of the Bible above that of reason is that its writers were infallibly inspired of God, and were therefore capable of knowing and revealing truths which we could not otherwise learn. But, since it appears that they were no more infallible than other writers, their opinions are worth no more than the opinions of others. They have no binding authority in themselves; and, if we accept them at all, it must be because our reason and conscience approve them. Yet Orthodoxy will by no means admit this conclusion. It holds, on the contrary, that much of the Bible teaching—its doctrine of the Trinity, for instance—is "above" and "beyond reason," and we must accept it simply on the *ipse dixit* of the "inspired writers." We hold that these writers, being fallible men, knew no more about the Godhead than we do, and if we accept their opinions, we must do so because they are *to us rational* and credible.

HOWARD MACQUEARY.

CAUSES OF THE REFORMATION.

The Reformation was the greatest event of the sixteenth century.

The real interest of the time centres in a movement before whose overwhelming importance the efforts of the greatest individuals of that age sink into insignificance. It was an upheaving of hidden powers and principles which so altered all former relations between man and man that it found the most influential personage in Europe, not in the apostolic emperor, Maximilian; not in the powerful king of Spain, Charles V.; not in the dissolute Defender of the Faith, Henry VIII.,—but in a burly friar at Wittenberg, whose name had never been heard before.

But it must not be supposed that the Reformation was the result of any sudden impulse on the part of the people of the sixteenth century. It was the birth of a day: it was the natural outgrowth of causes which had been at work for two or three centuries,—the crisis to which things had been tending for some generations; and, if the fire did at last run over the country with wonderful rapidity, it was because the trees were all dry. Luther was the match that produced the conflagration, but the train had been laid by the events of the ages before him. The method of Providence in history is never magical. In proportion to the magnitude of the revolution are the length of time and the variety of agencies which are employed in producing it. Because events are unexpected and startling, they are not to be ascribed merely to some proximate antecedent. The Protestant movement is often looked upon as hardly less preternatural and astonishing than would be the rising of the sun at midnight. But, the more it is examined, the less does it wear this marvellous aspect. In truth, never was an historical crisis more elaborately and powerfully prepared for; and this through a train of circumstances which reach back into the remote past. Nor is it the fact that such events are wholly out of the reach of human foresight. They cast their shadows before: they are the objects of presentiments, more or less distinct, sometimes of definite predictions.

I cannot hope within the compass of this paper to trace in detail the fermenting element in its working power from its earliest agitation onward to its boiling-point. It may be found (*a*) in the steady growth of the nations of Europe toward political independence; (*b*) in the increasing power, wealth, and intelligence of the middle classes; (*c*) in the revival of learning; and (*d*) in the corruptions and abuses of the Church and clergy. In these four things were included the forces which tended to the production of the Reformation.

To estimate it aright, we must remember that the Reformation was not an isolated phenomenon, or that, in its distinctive character, it was a religious event. It forms both part and fruit of that general progress of society which marks the fifteenth century and the opening of the sixteenth as the period of transition from the Middle Ages to modern civilization. All things were moving on. Europe was the theatre of great changes. Fresh life was infused into events. An exuberant vigor and vitality worked forcefully in the hearts of men. Co-operating and modifying influences shot athwart the nations; and a singular yet wide-spread development of individual energy pervaded the age. Knowledge and power, the commingled stir and fluctuation of passion and policy, purpose and impulse, the craving eagerness of intelligence for the testing of ideas, and the thorough excitement of the humanizing feelings, impressed the time with a strange variety of characteristics, and produced an unexampled abundance of varied incidents and activities, all tending to the alteration of society and to the enlargement of the sphere of individual thought and personal effort. "The thoughts of men were widening with the process of the suns." Thirty years before Luther's birth the downfall in 1453 of the royal nursery of Christianity in Europe, Constantinople, before the crescent-blazoned banners of Mohammed II., scattered the scholars of that rich and learned city with their "literary treasures" through the west of Europe, and had thus been the occasion of supplying the knowledge requisite to attain a more accurate acquaintance with the New Testament; and thence

> "There glowed
> A flush of glory in the fulgent West."

The new learning early showed its bearing on the theology of the day. In Italy, indeed, under the shadow of the papacy, it professed orthodoxy, for the most part, and confined itself to collecting and editing classical literature of all kinds. Under learned popes, like Nicholas and Pius II., and under Cosmo de' Medici, among other temporal princes, Italy became the great school of Christendom. Bristol merchants reported that multitudes of foreigners from all parts were constantly crowding there, to learn the language of antiquity and to buy manuscripts of the classics, of which it had become the mart.

But, if the revival of learning resulted in Italy mainly in devotion to philosophical studies, it yielded very different fruit in

Germany. Its bearing on religious truth was recognized there from the first. It was used to defend new convictions, to expose and cleanse the corruptions of the Church. Reuchlin, who introduced the study of Hebrew among German Christians, did not scruple to vary in some cases from received translations; and this in itself was a blow at church authority, hitherto absolute. But, beyond all others, the new learning found in Erasmus one who made it a powerful aid to the inevitably approaching Reformation.

A whole world of new thoughts, in commerce, in politics, in poetry, in philosophy, and in sacred literature, was opening before the men of the period in which the Reformation arose. Luther was but a school-boy in Magdeburg when Lorenzo de' Medici, the glory of Florence, died; when the valor of the chivalry of Spain expelled the Moslem from Granada, and the Spanish monarchy under Ferdinand and Isabella was consolidated; when Columbus returned from the west, having made a discovery which fired the imagination of Europe. When he sang in the streets of Mansfeldt for a scholar's humble fare, Vasco da Gama was doubling the Cape of Storms, now Good Hope. He had but lately reached home for a change to the school at Eisenach, when Savonarola on May 23, 1498, amidst a mighty fluctuation of emotions, perished by a martyr's fate on the death-pile whose smoke defaced the marble cupola of the cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore. During his student years universities were opened in many parts of Europe. The meetings of the Aulic Council were being held. The new division of Germany into Circles was settled. The jurisprudence of Hungary, securing certain religious rights, was published. The war between France and Spain raged in Italy. The "Nero of Pontiffs," Alexander VI., was poisoned. Gonzalo Ximenes became executor of Isabella of Castile and regent of Spain. Buried art was resuscitated. Michel Angelo was called to Rome by Pope Julius II., to build a monument worthy of his patron and of his own immortal genius; and a new life was imparted to man to express on canvas or in marble the finest ideals of their souls.

The political condition of Europe had changed. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were the birth-time of the nations of modern Europe. They had broken away one after another from the mediæval political system, and become independent, with national feelings, sympathies, and aspirations, which made each nation feel that it had a career of its own.

The result of all this new life was that men felt that the world of social customs and of political and religious restraint in which they had previously lived was too small for them: they felt the need of more room to breathe in. The world was larger: man's life had more sides to it than their fathers fancied. Old things were passing away, and all things were becoming new.

While mediævalism lasted, the Church, the empire, and the scholastic philosophy had ruled men's bodies and minds and souls, and laid down the boundaries beyond which they were not to go. Those barriers had burst with the new life pressing upon them on all sides. Men felt that religion was wider than the Catholic Church, they felt that social life was too manifold to be confined within the limits of the Holy Roman Empire, they felt that in human hearts there were thoughts which had been beyond the ken of the most learned of the Schoolmen.

In earlier days a few daring but solitary thinkers had thought out for themselves purer and higher ideas,—with what result? Only to find themselves in the dangerous position of social isolation in which every thinker in advance of his age must stand. The invention of printing made these thoughts common property; and they began to act on men in masses, and to move the multitude.

It was in the midst of this world of life that the Reformation arose. It was a world in a ferment of change and stir. Feudal institutions were on the wane. Law was acquiring an ascendency over force. Diplomacy began to take the place of war. Arbitrary power was tending to constitutionalism. The people were no longer contented to remain under the pupilage of kings, nobles, priests, and pontiffs. It was a time of intense individual life: navigators, travellers, manufacturers, and merchants appeared in simultaneous abundance, and by their adventures excited, while by their wealth they enriched, the cities where they

settled. Learning and literature spread into wider circles of mankind. Philosophy appealed more and more to the mass of the race than to the few who dwelt in cloistered cells. Science and art received a powerful impulse, and attained a recognized position. Great achievements and heroic deeds were done, mighty hopes were excited, daring speculations were entertained, dazzling plans were formed. It was an age of turmoil, enterprise, romance, dream, effort, energy, rivalry, progress. The sluggish sleep of centuries was exchanged for passionate life and courageous endurance. A sensuous processional civilization gave place to a rude simplicity of being. Ceremonialism and ritualistic pomp, in those dim, mediæval days, had held the soul in thrall to the Church; but now a spirituality and a strong throbbing of vital godliness revolt against the composite, barbaric, and Christian worship which Rome, by her legislative power, enjoins and enforces. Criticism, logic, Scripture, and conscience are to be brought into a coactive unity by the energy of one grand Teutonic and Titanic nature: the nations are to be roused, and a true sense of Christian responsibility is to be shed into the living heart of Europe, and to become the force and inner spring of modern history. One who could do and dare and endure was required,—one who had an eye to discern, a heart to feel, a soul to assert, and hand to maintain the truth committed to him; a man of insight and foresight, of full vigor and unconquerable energy; a fit and noble man. And, when the fulness of time had come, he was ready. Death's surly grasp could not hold him, and Luther arose from his sick couch at Erfurt with the seed of a new life in his soul.

We may thus see that the Reformation was the result of forces which had been slowly and silently gathering strength, till, when sufficiently matured, they violently upheaved and rent the strata of society beneath which they had been concealed. It was the natural result of principles which had long been working in and moulding the minds of the mass of the people; and it was preceded by, it was the outgrowth and embodiment of, revolutions in politics, in society, in commerce, in literature and art.

S. Fletcher Williams.

Hackney, London.

TO G. L. C.

Give me a friend, though all else be denied!
A lover seeks his darling to possess,
Binds by soft words, shackles by fond caress,
Mourns if his loved one wanders from his side.
But, faithful friend, though stormy oceans wide
And continents divide us, none the less
Thy constant heart, untravelled, will confess
That space nor years true friends can e'er divide.
Then speed thee over seas thou lovest well,
And speed thee back again to constant friends.
May gentle winds thy spreading canvas swell
O'er seas, o'er years, till thy last voyage ends!
Thy soul all peace within, so, on thy way,
All waves be calmed, nights turn to changeless day.

W. I. L.

INTUITION.

The century now near its close has brought more freedom and larger range of thought, more of the discovery and application of truth in things material and spiritual, more wise study of the powers, relations, duty, and destiny of man than any preceding century.

The past is better understood and appreciated: the present is held as a more hopeful field wherein to work for a better future. Never before has the great question of Jesus, "Why judge ye not, even of yourselves, what is right?" stirred so many free and reverent souls.

John Milton said: "Give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties. . . . Let truth and falsehood grapple. Who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? . . . For where God shakes a kingdom with strong and healthful commotion to a general reforming it is not untrue that many sectaries and false teachers are the busiest in seducing; but yet more true is it that God raises to his own work men of rare abilities and more than common industry, not only to look back and revise what hath been taught, but to gain further, and to go on to some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth."

His words are wise as well as heroic. They show the perils, the benefits, and the high spirit and brave methods for such "strong and healthful commotion" as we need, even as it was needed in the days of the Puritan and the Cavalier.

Each age has its leading aspects of thought and life, its philosophy, science, and religion: certain basic truths underneath

all, but the shifting light and shade in which they are seen changing, like the colors of a kaleidoscope; crude conceptions and fearful errors, also, fading out to be replaced by others less crude and fearful.

A few great words, not new, but with modern meanings larger and nobler than their old significance, may summarize the dominant and advancing thought of our time,—"the spirit of the age," using a familiar expression,—a Supreme Mind, Evolution, Man the Microcosm, Reason, Intuition, the Inner Life, Immortality. These will suffice, although others might be added; but these have large scope in religion and science, and the meaning we give them is a shaping power in life. That meaning is not fixed; but it tends toward the supremacy of the spiritual, going back to one unitive design and positive will.

For teacher or preacher the calamity is not to appreciate the higher tendencies of thought. Set a teacher before his class with his mind possessed by the old notion that man has a soul, and his methods will be superficial compared to those he would adopt if inspired by the later idea that man *is* a soul. For preacher or poet this idea is of high moment. Without some glimpse of it the poet cannot be: only jingling rhyme and fanciful conceit are possible. With it the poem will be a sermon, the sermon a poem.

The crude notion that the soul is but a resultant of bodily chemical action is as poor and inadequate for the best culture as its equally crude companion notion that the unintelligent and impersonal potency of matter evolves and guides suns and stars, paints the flower, shapes the eye of the eagle, and balances the insect in mid-air on wings of gossamer, is to solve the processes of nature. The spirit is innermost and dominant in man, the Supreme Spirit innermost and dominant in nature. The splendor and glory of that "kingdom of heaven within" us; the high possibilities of spiritual culture in our daily life; the conquering sway of the soul over the senses; the puissance of the consecrated will, lighted by love and guided by wisdom, to subdue the unworthy thought or act and lift life here to diviner levels; a higher life beyond, real, natural, immortal,—these are the ideals and aims of to-day.

We still have scientists of the same type as Martin Korky in Galileo's day, who refused to admit the facts revealed by the telescope or to see stars through its magic lens, but wrote a friend: "If the new planets were acknowledged, what chaos would ensue! I will never concede his four new stars to that Italian, though I die for it."

Of these F. W. H. Myers says, in his late work on Science and Immortality, that their silence in regard to a future life "is almost more discouraging than overt attack." A like influence comes from their silence in regard to a ruling Mind. But these represent the past. Mr. Myers says that during the last few years discoveries have been made "which must gradually revolutionize our whole attitude toward the question of an unseen world, and our own past, present, or future existence therein."

Prof. Oliver Lodge, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1893 on "The Interstellar Ether," said: "The things of which we are permanently conscious are motion and force; but there is a third thing which we have been all our lives in contact with, and which we know even more primarily, though perhaps we are so immersed in it that our knowledge realizes itself later,—namely, life and mind. By investigations now going on, no merely material prospect will be opened to us, but some glimpse into a region of the universe which science has never yet entered, but which has been sought from afar, and perhaps blindly appreciated by painter or poet, by philosopher or saint." He foresees the acceptance of a Supreme Intelligence, and of man as an undying spirit served by a physical body here and by a spiritual body hereafter, as factors in the scientific study of nature and of human life,—a great change, sure to come. Psychic science and research are opening the way. It is in the very air we breathe.

I once heard a sermon of which a large part was made up of thought and illustration in regard to man as a microcosm. Nebulæ, star-dust, the primeval rocks, life in all forms,—vegetable or animal,—were held as prophetic of the coming man, and he as compounded of all below, his inner life prophetic of his immortality. The rapt attention of his hearers, as the wondrous steps

from mollusk to man, from man to angel, were brought out, led me to realize more than ever what rich and almost untrodden fields for the preacher are in these views of the nature, the inner life, the infinite relations, and the destiny of man.

With such wide relations to the world of matter and of mind must come wide powers of intuitive discovery. That soul which mirrors and reflects the universe, and to which nothing is absolutely unknowable, lights up the way for experimental science to follow, and verify its revelations. Intuition has been too little appreciated. Henry Thomas Buckle said, "In England since the first half of the seventeenth century the inductive method as the means of arriving at physical truth has been the object, not of rational admiration, but of a blind and servile worship." So, in morals and religion, book and outward system of theology has enslaved the soul, and made *the voice within* of little weight. But a change has come.

Nearly twenty-five hundred years ago the Greek Pythagoras first laid down the true theory of the planetary system, which was laid aside until revived by Copernicus. It stands accepted and tested to-day, but it was an intuitive discovery with the old philosopher.

In 1791 Dr. Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of Charles Darwin, published in London a long didactic poem, "The Botanic Garden," which attracted much attention. A brief extract is significant:—

"Organic life beneath the shoreless waves
Was born and nursed in ocean's pearly caves.
First forms minute, unseen by spheric glass,
Move on the mud or pierce the watery mass;
These, as successive generations bloom,
New powers acquire and larger limbs assume,
Whence countless groups of vegetation spring,
And breathing realms of fin and feet and wing."

Here is evolution, differentiation, origin of species,—the discovery and the record in glowing verse of theories which his gifted grandson and others have toiled through years of investigation to confirm. All honor to their inductive work! but shall the intuition of the earlier discoverer, who perhaps kindled the mind and lighted the path of his great descendant, be ignored?

Tyndall says that the "emission theory" of light, held by Newton, Laplace, and others, was finally overthrown in 1801 by Edward Young, an English professor of natural philosophy, and that "Young never saw with his eyes the waves of sound, but had the force of imagination to picture them, and the intellect to investigate them." This statement shows that the great discovery of the undulating theory of light, now held established by science, was first intuitive. His "imagination"—intuition—apprehended the law and deduced the facts from it, which inductive experiment afterward verified. In the same intuitive way Young believed in ether, and early suggested the idea of an all-pervading, invisible, elastic substance, the existence of which is now an established theory.

Other intuitive forecasts and discoveries might be given. Of Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation Buckle says: "He sat where he was [beneath the apple-tree], and thought like a man entranced and enraptured, feeding on his own mind and evolving idea after idea.

"His mind thus advancing, he was carried by imagination into the realms of space; and, still sitting heedless of the operations of nature, he completed the most sublime and majestic speculation that ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. See how small a part the senses played in the discovery. It was the triumph of an idea. The cause of the discovery was in the mind of Newton."

Thus was the great discovery made,—in a single hour of intuitive light, an hour followed by years of patient experiment which verified it. These beginnings of the list of intuitive discoveries in science must suffice.

A gifted seer has said: "Man fronts two worlds at once, with something of the animal and something of the angel in him. He carries sheathed within his flesh the potent secret of all things."

His outer senses connect him with the external world: his inner senses, finer and wider in their range, connect him with the spiritual world, the realm of causes.

As Wordsworth said,—

"We see into the soul of things."

The gates of heaven become transparent, and we catch glimpses of the blessed immortals. The words of Jesus, "Behold, the kingdom of heaven is within you," are realized. In his inmost being man is of the same essence as "the power that makes for righteousness." His spiritual relations are celestial, divine, and eternal.

As theological dogmas fade away, intuitive morals, the ethics of the soul, must take their place. Book or creed may help, but the spirit is supreme. "The "light within," the "voice of God in the soul," of Fox and Penn and the old mystics, must be our guide to study and to the truth which shall make us free.

William Ellery Channing's mission was to teach the capacity of man, "made in God's own image," for high duty and progressive, harmonious culture here and hereafter.

That led him to views of the future life far beyond those prevalent in his time. He said: "They now see [in heaven] what before but dimly gleamed on them,—the capacity, the mysteries, of a human soul. The significance of that word 'Immortality' is apprehended, and every being destined for it rises into unutterable importance. Human friends are prized as above all price." Of immediate knowledge of us, he said: "I know nothing to prevent such knowledge. . . . It is possible that the distance of heaven (as we think of it) lies wholly in the veil of sense which we now want power to penetrate. A new sense, a new eye, might show the spiritual world compassing us on every side." He speaks of the "spiritual senses" of those in heaven, by which they can see the remote as clearly as we do the near. Like a flood of light, his words illumined the murky darkness of awful creeds.

The moment a spiritual thinker transcends the sway of dogmatic authority, the next step is to intuitive morals and the soul's power of discovery. That step the liberal religious movement of our time is taking. It knows no finality. Its attitude must be, in Milton's brave words, "to gain further, and to go on to some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth." Is clairvoyance the "new eye"? What of the researches of psychical science in the life within and beyond? Questions like these are everywhere heard. The hour is ripe, the need pressing, the materials rich and abundant for carrying forward with new emphasis the work in which Channing, with deep, spiritual insight, wrought so wisely and so well.

G. B. Stebbins.

Detroit, Mich.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The *Week* of Toronto, Canada, a journal of politics, literature, science, etc., publishes the following running account of a reporter's visit to the Unitarian church:—

Unitarianism can claim as belonging to it some of the most distinguished intellects and purest souls that have blessed the world. Saving a slight touch of intolerance toward those who differ with it, and which is perhaps common more or less to all faiths, it presents to the world a plausible and reasonable sort of religion, the basic principles of which are the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of mankind. That this is no mere talk is exemplified in the lives of Unitarians, wherever they are found. Yet the fact remains that there are only about sixty-eight thousand Unitarians in the United States, and perhaps a thousand in Canada. I note that in a recent issue of the New York *Independent*, which gives the numerical standing of the various churches side by side with a short statement by a prominent minister of each denomination, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., a deservedly popular Unitarian, says:—

Almost any Unitarian would tell you that the practical creed of every-day laymen in all the Protestant churches of America is Unitarian. We really believe that it is only the clergy of the evangelical churches who believe in the doctrines of the Westminster Confession. For the rank and file, we really think that their religion would be summed up in the statement that they believe in God and worship him, that they believe in heaven and hope to go there, and that they try to do right among their fellow-men, and that they believe that Jesus was Christ, a teacher sent from God to tell men to do this. I said this to a large audience of Presbyterians in Saratoga last September. As soon as I had done, a Presbyterian clergyman came to me on the platform, and told me that I was right in this statement. Since that time I have had various attacks upon that sermon sent me from dif-

ferent Presbyterian journals. No one has yet ventured to say that the laymen by and large of the Presbyterian communion believe in the Westminster Confession. The Unitarian Church of America is not dissatisfied with this position. We believe that, in the long run, the laity of America will insist that the pulpit shall express the doctrine which, on the whole, the laity have come to.

There may be a good deal of truth in this, though it will be conceded that, as a statement, it is rather a sweeping one. So far as my experience goes, it is not exact. No doubt, there has been a considerable broadening of view; but the people in the so-called evangelical churches who are broadest cannot be properly defined as Unitarians. Neither need Unitarianism wish to extend its numbers in this particular way. The fact remains that it satisfies the aspirations and requirements of a small proportion of the people of this continent and of the Old World. It has prompted noble lives. It has done its share toward the rounding out of the human conception of religion. There does not seem to be any need for it to pretend that it entirely satisfies popular ideas or that it is a popular church. If this were so, its numbers would be larger. There are about twenty-five millions of communicants of Christian churches in the United States and Canada. Of these sixty-nine thousand are Unitarians.

Standing a little way back from the west side of Jarvis Street, between Wilton Avenue and Gerrard Street, the First Unitarian Church is a somewhat tasteful edifice in the Gothic style of architecture, being built of brick with trimmings and piers of cement or stone-work, and having a large eastern window. A sign at the door says that strangers are welcome, and there is probably no church in the city where this is more emphatically the case. Entering the front door, you find yourself in a cocoa-matted vestibule, from which cocoa-matted stairs ascend right and left to the church, the auditorium being built over a capacious basement. Going up these stairs, you are received by an attentive usher, who conducts you to a comfortable seat, in which you find the hymn-book used in the service (with music) and the prayer-book. There is a widish central aisle, and there are also aisles on the north and south sides of the auditorium. Between these the open-ended pews run on a curve, so that the attention of the congregation naturally and easily converges on the platform, which is a very tasteful piece of joinery construction in light oak, with two or three ecclesiastical-looking chairs upon it upholstered in red velvet, and a central reading-desk. A vase of flowers or an ornamental plant finds a place on a small table. Though not large, the church is well adapted for its purpose, and gives one a sense of commodious comfort. Daylight streams through three pointed windows on each side, in addition to the large one at the east end of the building, so that the illumination is not of the "dim, religious" variety. At night the church is lighted by four gaseliers of polished brass. The floor is handsomely carpeted all over, and there are crimson cushions in all the pews. The walls and ceiling are tastefully decorated, and at the back of the reading-desk a large gilt cross forms part of the mural ornamentation. There is a small gallery at the back of the church, which is not used. At the north-west corner of the church, near the platform, and placed diagonally, is a neat and effective organ of precisely the right size for the church,—it is neither absurdly large nor penuriously small,—and in front of it a choir pew. The organ is adequately played by Miss Henrietta Shipe, one of Toronto's most valued accompanists. The choir pew is occupied by a quartette of good average ability, led by Mr. J. L. O'Malley, who is well known as an enthusiastic amateur, and whose massive bass voice makes a good support for the other vocalists. On Sunday evening last there were about a hundred people present, about half of whom were men. The present fashion of ladies' large sleeves, however, is calculated to make a good congregational showing; and, though the seating capacity of the auditorium was not really more than half occupied, the audience looked a fair one for the building.

The organist was playing a soft and pleasing voluntary when I entered this abode of advanced thought and higher criticism. It was not an unsuitable opportunity to con the "Statement of Principles" which, along with other Unitarian litera-

ture, is placed on tables in the vestibule. For a church which has no creed, it must be conceded that this church gives one every opportunity of letting visitors know where it stands. The document is as follows:—

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

Affirming the exercise of perfect freedom of thought in religion, as in other things, to be a personal right and duty, this church does not require its members to assent to any creed, and excludes no one for any doctrinal difference. It welcomes to its fellowship all who seek to promote Truth, Righteousness, and Love in themselves and others: it has no other test of acceptance. This Statement of Principles is put forth, not as binding upon any one, but as an explanation of some of the distinctive beliefs of Unitarianism to-day, which this Church represents.

1. *God, the Father of All.* "The Lord our God is One"; the Immanent Spirit and Life of the Universe; the Infinite and Eternal Power, Wisdom, and Beneficence, over all things and through all things, guiding the operations of nature, the evolution of worlds, and the life of man to ends of ultimate good.

2. *The Divinity of Man.* Man, not fallen, but ever ascending to higher stages of being; the most perfect expression of the Divine; by nature, a Child of God.

3. *The Spiritual Leadership of Jesus Christ.* The Man of Nazareth, whose preeminent Divinity exemplified the possibilities of the Divine Humanity residing in all men, the most sublime Prophet of the Soul that the ages have produced, the wisest and loftiest of the Teachers who have guided mankind in their religious development.

4. *The Brotherhood of Man.* A fundamental principle of the religion of Jesus, implied in the fatherhood of God. A brotherhood not limited by creed, race, or condition, outflowing in all brotherly activities tending to the amelioration and ennobling of human life; its consummation, the union of all humanity in the ties of peace and good fellowship.

5. *Religion Natural to Man.* The sense of relationship to God and duty, not imparted from without, but inherent in human nature; the impulse of the divinity within the soul; while independent of, yet including all bibles, churches, and faiths; its purest realization, perfect obedience to the will of God, or to love the best and live the best we know.

6. *Christianity, the Worship of God and the Service of Man.* The highest form of historic religion; a life rather than a creed; not an orthodoxy of beliefs, but a principle of personal conduct; in essence, Love to God and Love to Man; its truest expression, service to others.

7. *Prayer, to uplift Man, not to change God.* We conceive the universe as an evolution of beautiful, beneficent, unvarying order, governed by laws which are never reversed or suspended. Prayer changes no physical or spiritual law. It is rather an expression of that law by which the soul of man ever aspires toward the Highest, and the finite holds communion with the Infinite. Not always in words; for "he prayeth best who loveth best," and labor for the noblest ideals is prayer in action. Thus may the whole life be made a prayer.

8. *Immortality for All.* Every soul, being a child of God, and a partaker of his nature, is by consequence immortal. Death is a beneficent provision of the Divine Parent for bringing all his children into a fuller and richer life.

9. *Evil Transient, Good Eternal.* Retribution, being natural, not arbitrary, is never to be evaded or transferred; being remedial, not vindictive, cannot in the nature of things be everlasting. The monstrous doctrine of an eternal hell we repudiate as a gross libel on the character of God. No evil can befall the good man in life or death. Goodness is an eternal law of God, and will finally overcome all evil; and only as we accept and practise this law can we find peace in this world or in the world to come.

10. *Salvation by Character.* Salvation, not escape from the consequences of sin, which are inevitable, but freedom from sin; obtained, not by the sacrifice of another for us, but by our self-sacrifice for the good of all; its outlook, the continuity of human development in all worlds, or the progress of mankind upward and onward forever.

11. *The Unity and Sacredness of All Truth.* All truth is from God, and means progress and blessedness. Science is a handmaiden and helper of True Religion. The facts of the one can never contradict the facts of the other, and the natural soil of truth is the free and open mind. Therefore, taking truth for authority, not authority for truth, we deem it our highest duty to follow the truth in love, wherever it leads.

12. *Revelation Universal and Progressive.* Coming through no single channel or in any miraculous way, but naturally, through many channels; not of the remote past or of one people only, but of all times and nations. The province of revelation is the whole world of truth. Every new truth belongs to it; and, so far from its being ended, our belief is that humanity is to-day only in the dawn of still greater revelations yet to be.

13. *Inspiration, a Light for Every Man.* Not something locked up in writings or limited to any sect, age, or race, but to-day and here, just as truly as in the infancy of the

world and in Palestine, the Infinite Spirit of Love, Wisdom, Truth, and Beauty waits to come with its inspiration into every receptive mind.

14. *The Bible, Literature, not Dogma.* A product of religion, not its origin; while not to be accepted as infallible, some parts being contrary to the truths of science, the best reason and conscience of our time, and the teachings of Jesus, yet to be prized as the most important and precious of all the sacred scriptures that we inherit from the past of man's religious life.

15. *The Supreme Authority of Reason and Conscience.* Accepting that only as authoritative which is true, we hold reason and conscience to be man's endowment for the discerning of truth. No man can be expected or required to believe anything contrary to reason; but every person should listen to and obey the deepest suggestions within his own soul as the voice of God, ever striving to prove all things, and to hold fast to that which is good.

16. *The Free Church.* A voluntary association of earnest persons, not limited to any form of faith, uniting in the love of truth and in the spirit of Jesus Christ for worship, for religious thought and inquiry, for moral self-improvement, and for human helpfulness; a feasible basis for the Unity of Christendom and the Fellowship of Religions.

The preliminary service at this church is liturgical. They have a "Book of Worship," which contains ten opening services; baptismal, burial, and communion services; and a number of selections from the Psalms. The proceedings were begun on Sunday evening, after the singing of a hymn, by the reading of a short prayer, which was as follows.—

May this house be unto us no other than the house of God and the gate of heaven! Here let us worship him who is a Spirit in spirit and in truth. Suffer not the cares of the world and the anxieties of life to interrupt our devotions. Draw near to God, and he will draw near to you. Toil, trial, and suffering still await us; and the experience of every day teaches that we are not sufficient unto ourselves. Put your trust in Him whose grace is ready to help in time of need.

Rev. Mr. Woude read these words in a reverent and sympathetic voice. After that a psalm was chanted by the choir and congregation, the minister reading the alternate verses. Then followed a couple of pages of devotional sentences read by the minister and responded to in the speaking voice by the congregation. They appeared to combine Scriptural quotations and the liturgy of the Anglican Church. After this the quartette sang an anthem with considerable feeling and expression. A Scripture reading, the recital of a short prayer, and the singing of another hymn completed the preliminary exercises. Mr. Woude prefaced his sermon by reading a beautiful sonnet by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and also by announcing that its subject was "Other Words of God." Broadly speaking, the discourse was an effort to show that, although the Bible, "notwithstanding its imperfections, limitations, and contradictions, is the greatest storehouse of spiritual armor known," yet there were "other words of God" which, as we "had leisure and opportunity, we ought to make ourselves acquainted with." Beginning with an animated and eloquent panegyric on the Bible, and a recommendation to his hearers to study it industriously, the preacher passed on to consider other books in which the works and nature of the Almighty were manifest. It would be well to search out the sacred words of all nations besides the Jews, to remember that all noble literature is divine; that God speaks through the voice of art and music and dignified and impressive buildings; that he speaks through science, and, as Emanuel Kant said, "through the stars and the mind of man." The lecture was a very interesting one. It was read from manuscript, and was a considerable and notable intellectual and scholarly effort. Considered as preaching, it might be, perhaps, described as of the academic kind. It took us through all ages, through literature, science, and nature, and left us trying to "understand the Almighty to perfection." We found, with Job, that we couldn't. After the sermon a solo of a somewhat florid character was sung by a fine alto voice. The hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," and a benediction, concluded the service.

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*A SUGGESTED DOXOLOGY.**

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below!
Praise him ye heavenly hosts above,
Praise him who is Eternal Love!

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* Rev. Albert Walkley suggests this changed form to be sung in Unitarian churches to the tune of "Old Hundred."

CONGREGATIONAL INSTALLATION.

The proper installation of a minister directly by the congregation is not unusual in Unitarian churches. It is the old Congregational form dear to our fathers. An admirable example was given at the installation of Rev. C. G. Horst as minister of the Second Unitarian Church of Athol, Mass., when E. V. Wilson, Esq., a prominent member of the church, made the following address:—

Being a Unitarian society, we are a Congregational body; that is, we manage, control, and direct our own affairs. Our form of government is a pure democracy. Every member has an equal voice in the management of the society. We determine what officers shall be chosen, and we elect them; who shall be admitted to membership and the manner in which they shall be admitted; we choose our pastor or minister, he holds that office during the pleasure of both parties, and then we dismiss him; and all these acts are subject to no revision or investigation by bishop, council, presbytery, convention, or synod. Our ministers are not sent to watch over us as theological policemen.

The church has the same authority to ordain and install its ministers that it has to determine whom they shall be. If the ceremony is performed by another minister, his authority so to do is wholly derived from the church for which he acts. Recognizing this, the ceremony of installation in Unitarian churches is frequently, if not usually, performed by a layman, a member of the society who is selected by the church to represent it for that purpose.

You have been selected by the practically unanimous vote of this society to become its pastor, and you have accepted our call; and by virtue of that acceptance and the authority of this society I now install you as pastor of the Second Unitarian Church in Athol.

There is something worth noting in the mutual agreement by which the relation of pastor and people is assumed. It is not simply a union of sentiment at the beginning of the relation, but it signifies that there should be the same union of sentiment during its continuance. The pew and the pulpit are to work together. There are certain duties that devolve on each, and each must perform its part if this church shall be all and do all that becomes a Christian church. We pledge you our earnest support, and will ask for no truer loyalty on your part than we show on our part.

We ask you to subscribe to no creed, but we ask you to preach the faith. We recognize that, as one's knowledge broadens, his belief changes. What is miraculous to the child is commonplace to the man; but, while beliefs change, faith remains. The truth, so far as we know the truth, is our creed; and nothing that is true is heresy. We ask you to broaden our knowledge of the truth and to strengthen our faith. There are those of deep religious convictions in this congregation. To them the Unitarian faith should be presented in all its beauty and fulness. Many who are not Unitarians, and too many who claim that they are, think that the Unitarian creed is a denial of certain articles in the creeds of other churches. It is no doubt true that the Unitarian movement was a protest against a Christianity that was unchristian, a humanity that was inhuman; but it was not then, nor is it now, a denial of all belief. The Unitarian Church has a living, vital faith; and that faith we ask you to preach. Those truly religious souls who are the saving salt in every congregation are no more satisfied by preaching only the old denials than a famished man would be at a restaurant where the bill of fare only announces, "We have not any." Preach to us the faith.

The pulpit in a Unitarian church is a rostrum from which the truth may be spoken without fear of the charge of heresy or dread of the ban of excommunication. Every question that touches the religious side of man, every problem that affects him intellectually, morally, or spiritually, may be looked squarely in the face and fairly discussed.

It is a frequent complaint that the pews are empty, that many do not go to church; but the pulpit that has something to say will not have to talk to empty pews. The questions of the day are proper topics for the pulpit. We care little for the sin of the Adam that was, but we care much for

the conduct of the Adam that is. The prophets of old discussed present topics, and the prophet of to-day, if he is a prophet, will discuss live issues. If he has a message, he will not lack for hearers.

Emerson says,—

"Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit."

But the nations in these closing days of the nineteenth century sit only at the feet of those prophets whose faces are set toward the dawn of the twentieth century. Preach to us the faith, the faith of to-day. Teach us the truth, the truth of to-day.

In the pulpit and out of it be thou our pastor, and in the church and out of it we will be thy people.

UNITARIANISM IN TRANSYLVANIA.

LETTER FROM BISHOP FERENCZ, PUBLISHED IN THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

My dear Sir,—I promised that before your annual meeting took place I should inform you of the course of affairs in our Hungarian Unitarian Church. I wish now to discharge this promise.

Most probably it is known in England that in our country some religious-political questions made a great stir last year. Of this the Roman Catholic Church gave occasion by disobeying the laws of the State concerning registration, which was formerly performed by the different religious communities. The Roman Catholic priests were very unwilling to give notice to the ministers of Protestant churches of the christenings performed by them on children of a different creed, so that they might not be registered as belonging to the church of their father and mother, according to their sex. The consequence of this was that Parliament has made some new laws, by which civil registration and civil marriage become compulsory.

The new laws will come into operation this year; and our Church will lose a right, which it has exercised ever since its foundation,—*i.e.*, more than three hundred years. We acknowledge that these laws are very reasonable and even necessary, if we look at them from a national and political point of view; but it is disappointing that, owing to these laws, our Church loses much financially. Our poorly paid ministers have had some fees for duties connected with registration, which now they will not get. There is, however, some hope that the government will take this loss into consideration and give some compensation to the ministers. Perhaps the yearly grant given to the Church by the State will be raised, for which applications have been made by us already.

On the whole, the main object of our endeavor is now to improve somehow the condition of our ministers. Nearly all the lay professions offer a more prosperous life to young men than the ministry does, and thus talented students do not wish to study theology. This is the more disappointing, since only a body of well-educated and active ministers can give strength and life to a church. If a bill, the intention of which is to allow free religion to everybody, and which has already been brought before and rejected by the House of Magnates twice, should pass, the barriers of the different sects will be removed; and the future of our Church will then depend on the activity and zeal of the ministers even more than it does now. Good ministers will be able not only to keep the old members of their congregations, but to obtain new ones also.

It is very encouraging that the congregations themselves are doing much to improve their condition. Several congregations are this year building either a parsonage or a school; and a country congregation is now building a new church, which will cost about thirty or forty thousand florins.

The Unitarian congregation at Budapest, in which you are more interested, since you and our American brethren had an active part in its foundation and maintenance, is flourishing and getting stronger and stronger as the years pass. According to the conscription of last year, there belong to the congregations of Budapest, Hodmezö-Vàsárhely, Mezö-Berèny, Vroshàra, etc., 2,843 souls; *i.e.*, about sixteen times more than at the time of the foundation. These are now under the care of the minister of the Budapest congregation and three assistant ministers, of whom one is at Hod-

mezö-Vàsárhely, the other at Polgárdí, and the third at Budapest. The last assistant was sent to Budapest a year ago, where there was great need for a second minister. Services are held now every Sunday, while previously only two services took place in a month. With the help of this assistant minister, all the children who attend the different schools of the metropolis will get the necessary religious education, which was impossible before, one man being unable to teach them all in the different parts of a large city. Upon the whole, the sacrifices made toward the maintenance of this congregation have brought their fruits abundantly. Thus, when I express here the thanks of my Church for the grants given to this congregation by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, may I hope that this generous help will not be withdrawn from this congregation, which is doing real good work in Hungary proper.

In connection with the statistics given above, I may mention here that our Unitarian Church, according to the conscription of last year, numbers 64,335 souls, 644 more than the year before. And now let me say a few words about the educational institutions of our Church. In the elementary schools the condition of the teachers has improved much since the government came to our help and made up the salaries of teachers to 300 florins all over the country where it was less than that. In larger schools it is at least 400 florins. Some of you will be surprised on hearing that we call it a great improvement if our teachers can get a salary of three or four hundred florins; but with us it is really a great improvement, for previously it was in many cases only 100 to 150 or 200 florins. And we hope that the government will not stop here, but in time will reward more generously the great services our teachers render to the cause of education. I must notice that nearly all the teachers have, besides their salary, a house with a garden and orchard and a couple of acres of land where they can grow some necessaries for their households.

The condition of the professors, as we call them, of our upper schools, called gymnasia, is also improving, since the government is now going to make a fund out of which the retiring professors of denominational gymnasia may get a pension in their old age. It is a pity that we cannot add something to their present salary, which is now 1,000 florins at Kolozsvár and 800 in the country, hardly enough to meet the wants of town life. But we hope that before long, by the increase of our educational funds, we shall be able to raise the salaries of the professors, too.

In the theological college—most probably because ministers are poorly paid—there is a decrease of students, so that instead of twelve or fifteen, which was the usual number in previous years, we have now only five students. Fortunately, there are some young men who finished their course in the college and did not take a pulpit, so that just now we are not in want of ministers.

Among these young men there is Mr. Nicholas Józan, who will return to us in July, and for whom I shall try to find a congregation where he might use the knowledge and experience he brings back from Manchester College, Oxford. I am much obliged to you for the information that the student (Mr. Lófi) who goes to Oxford next autumn will have the same grant from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association as previous students have had.

Our annual meetings will take place on the 28th and following days of August at a country church, and not at Kolozsvár, as they usually do. It would give us great pleasure if some of our English brethren could be present on that occasion. I need not say that we should offer them the heartiest welcome; and as I know that Englishmen travel on the Continent during the month of August, Unitarians might come to Transylvania, so that the bonds of sympathy and love which have made us, in spite of the great distance between us, almost one family might become stronger by personal contact. We are sorry that our Church cannot be represented at your meetings. But in the name of the Hungarian Unitarian Church I salute you, and wish that your conferences and resolutions may benefit our common cause. God's blessing be upon your true endeavors. I am, sir,

Yours very truly,

JOSEPH FERENCZ,
Bishop of Unitarian Churches in Hungary.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SUNDAY.

Comfort.

Comfort one another
  With the hand-clasp close and tender,
  With the sweetness love can render,
And of looks of friendly eyes.
  Do not wait with grace unspoken,
  While life's daily bread is broken.
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

—*Selected.*

MONDAY.

Being.

God's spirit falls on me, as dewdrops on a rose,
If I, but like a rose, my heart to him unclose.

Could but thy soul, O man, become a silent night,
God would be born in thee, and set all things aright.

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in thee, thy soul is all forlorn.

The cross on Golgotha will never save thy soul,
The cross in thine own heart alone can make thee whole.

Hold there! Where runnest thou? Know heaven is in thee.
Seekest thou for God elsewhere, his face thou'lt never see.

In all eternity no tone can be so sweet
As where man's heart with God in unison doth beat.

Whate'er thou lovest, man, that, too, become thou must,—
God, if thou lovest God; dust, if thou lovest dust.

—*Johannes Scheffer.*

TUESDAY.

Love.

Two paths lead upward from below,
  And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life drop's flow,
  Each falling tear of love.

Though from the hero's bleeding breast
  Her pulses freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her crest
  Sprang from the scarlet dew,—
While valor's haughty champions wait
  Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
  To sit beside the throne.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

WEDNESDAY.

Recovery.

O ancient streams, O far-descended woods,
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls!
O hills and valleys, that adorn yourselves
In solemn jubilation; winds and clouds,
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasped,
And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The earth's divine renewal: lo! I, too,
With yours would mingle somewhat of glad song.
I, too, have come through wintry terrors,—yea,
Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul,
Have come, and am delivered. Me, the spring,
Me, also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever Power beneficent,
Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought,
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of the great chorus, one with bird and stream,
And voiceful mountain,—nay, a string, how jarred,
And all but broken! of that lyre of life,
Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To an immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song the world.

—*William Watson.*

THURSDAY.

Life.

A head without a heart makes evil blood;
Nor is a heart without a head much good.
For he who would at happiness arrive
Needs heart and head, and both of them alive.

—*Fr. Bodenstedt.*

FRIDAY.

Faith.

For faith is but the perfect trust
  Which God's great love compels us to,
When once we learn, as learn we must,
  How little we ourselves can do.

—*William Hunter Birckhead.*

SATURDAY.

Peace.

The murmur of a waterfall
  A mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights
  Upon a spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream
  On dripping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd
  Of gentle cows,
The echo from a wooded hill
  Of cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass
  At evening fall,—
Too subtle are these harmonies
  For pen and rule;
Such music is not understood
  By any school.
But, when the brain is overwrought,
  It hath a spell,
Beyond all human skill and power,
  To make it well.

The memory of a kindly word
  For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
  Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
  Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
  The tone of cheer,
The hush that means, "I cannot speak,
  But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
  From God's own Word,—
Such tiny things we hardly count
  As ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown
  Scant sympathy;
But, when the heart is overwrought,
  Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
  To make it well?

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

To be in line with God's great purposes is to be the conductor through which the resistless currents of God's sovereign will are passing.—*Merrill E. Gates.*

Paradise is here, visible and tangible by mortal eyes and hands, whenever self is lost in loving, whenever the narrow limits of personality are beaten down by the inrush of the divine Spirit.—*Mrs. Humphry Ward.*

To-day all science, all philosophy, and all religion in the minds of its interpreters conspire to show us what a profound faith has been reached by any man who can sincerely say, "I accept the universe."—*John Learned.*

EDITORIAL.

A Noble Gift. SEVENTY thousand dollars in one gift to the American Unitarian Association through the wills of Miss E. C. Mack and her brother, Dr. W. Mack, of Salem, Mass. A noble gift, from consecrated noble lives, toward high and noble ends.

Tenderness, devotion, sacrifice, and love toward God and man are in this gift.

May the living words thus enabled to be spoken, the churches established, the help given, be blessed by the holy impulse of the givers, yielding good fruit a hundred-fold, to the glory of God and the comfort of his children's souls!

Gathering Strength. PRESIDENT CARY and Prof. Barber and Editor Barrows, all in Europe! Besides a goodly company of our preachers, including Rev. Messrs. Charles G. Ames, W. H. Lyon, J. C. Jaynes, H. G. Spaulding, T. Van Ness.

Much of the power of our denominational life goes with them.

May they gather strength from every day of rest and inspiration, and may the vast dividing waves of the Atlantic be so reversefully pacific for the time as to rob them of nothing they have gained, but bring them back to pour their revitalized energies into our great National Conference at Washington!

Vacation. THIS is most generally a season of recreation. The many temporary changes in the mailing list addresses of the *Unitarian* indicate a flight to the mountains from the East, and a descent to the sea from the West.

The *Unitarian* is very ready to be directed to change its own flight to follow, and would be glad if its regular subscribers who thus desire to read its pages even in the hours supposed to be relieved from labor would take the opportunity to make the *Unitarian* a constant visitor in the out-of-the-way places to which many of them introduce it for the first time.

Leave a subscription for the *Unitarian* behind with some isolated mountain school-teacher or some inquiring country youth. Ministers and laymen alike can often sow the most productive seed for real religious life in the vacation hours of rest.

National Conference. THE headquarters of the Conference to be held in Washington, October 21–24, are to be at the Arlington Hotel. Excellent accommodations are offered by this hotel; but, as it is fully expected that this Conference will be unusually largely attended, we suggest an early application for rooms. Other of the larger hotels in the city offer reduced rates, and there can be obtained many delightfully situated suites of rooms in private boarding-houses.

Circulars of information can be obtained from the General Secretary, Rev. D. W. Morehouse, 104 E. 20th Street, New York.

A Forward Movement. AT a meeting of the Ministers' League held in Boston last April it was voted to prepare a *lecture* list, the object being to provide our weaker and smaller churches with lecturers at a nominal expense. This list has been made out, and contains the names of thirty ministers, members of the League. It will soon be printed and placed in the American Unitarian Association rooms, and with the Unity Club and Guild headquarters, for distribution.

British and Foreign. THE Seventieth Annual Report of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association is a strikingly encouraging review of the hopes of Unitarianism in Great Britain.

The Report is issued in an admirable form, so arranged as to be at once attractive and useful.

From the Executive Committee's statement, signed by the president of the Association, Joseph I. Preston, Esq., we quote the following:—

"It was recently widely proclaimed on placards and handbills throughout London that, 'if you take the Godhead of Christ out of Christianity, you have nothing Christian left.' A well-informed and liberal-minded man, like Dr. Guinness Rogers, holds that 'Unitarian doctrine is opposed to the fundamental truths of the gospel of Christ,—in fact, has no real gospel to proclaim to the world.' A contemporary writer, in dealing with the 'Imitation' of A Kempis, suggests that 'notorious infidels, like Dr. Priestley,' are on a par with those who want 'to rifle you of your property'; and the *Church Review* has no hesitation in placing the 'unspeakable Turk' on a higher religious level than the English Unitarian.

"Confronted by such statements as these, founded in many instances not on any evil disposition in the men who make them, but ignorance of the true character of Unitarian teaching, it is surely the bounden duty of Unitarians to make known their religious principles. If condemnation is hurled against Unitarians, happily they are not called upon to condemn in return; for God's world is large enough to hold, and his love wide enough to embrace, the sincere and faithful adherents of every creed. And the blessings which many perplexed and weary souls have pronounced upon Unitarianism for the light and peace it has brought to their thought and life are ample recompense for the slights and misrepresentations of bigotry and ignorance. It is just because the committee are profoundly convinced that Unitarians have a noble and glorious gospel to proclaim to the world that they are encouraged to plead the cause of an Association which exists to spread the gospel of love to God and man."

Another Silver Circle. THE minister of All Souls' Church, Chicago, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones has just completed twenty-five years of most devoted service in the ministry. Few men have given themselves with more continuous, unflagging, whole-heartedness, to their labors than the beloved, zealous, aspiring pastor of the All Souls' Society.

He is a man of genuine inspiration, and possesses those rare gifts of personal power by which his hearers share the joyous emotions of his own soul.

The anniversary occasion was celebrated by a special service and a sermon by Mr. Jones, reviewing the past years, their achievements, ambitions, principles, and ideals.

Special stress was laid upon the growing need of powerful sermonizing as against the indolent influence of too much organ, choir, and ceremonial. A beautiful passage illustrates the preacher's deepening faith in human nature, in spite of many practical tests and the severe strain of many hard experiences. The sense of deep abiding trust which lies at the heart of any real re-

ligious life is the minister's quiet shrine. The sermon concluded as follows:—

"There is a temple reared to thought untouched by the tiding passions of to-day. There is an altar reared to love undisturbed by the clamor for dollars or the anxieties concerning subscriptions. He dares not begin to mourn over mistakes committed, wrong things done; but, standing at the end of a quarter of a century, he can say that, with all the hardships and fatigues, all the anxieties and uncertainties which belong to a minister's life, he will never cease to rejoice that it was given him to know them. And, had he a score more lives to live, he would give them all to the ministry of religion, religion natural, religion universal, religion practical, and to a ministry which requires, which commands, the unreserved energy of strongest souls, which gives play to the widest sympathies of the cultivated heart, a religion deep rooted in the eternal, but ever active in the present."

Christian Endeavor. THERE may be many minds as to all the balances of advantage and disadvantage in the holding for religious purposes of such vast gatherings as the recent Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies in Boston. From the seclusion of the lonely closet prayer to the hypnotic excitement of a sea of upturned faces and the thrilling responses of thousands upon thousands of fervent voices is indeed a long step.

Perhaps every human being having essential qualities that belong to the solitary, and also to the gregarious creature, needs both these helping influences.

At all events, it can only be a matter for general rejoicing that so representative a gathering as the sixty-five thousand delegates assembled in the mammoth twin tents on Boston Common devoted its energies almost exclusively to subjects related to the moral, social, and even municipal life of communities, and to the development of character along all lines of practical activity.

That the object of the Endeavorers should be to deal with practical issues, and not with peculiar tenets of belief, is a hopeful sign to those who look to the patient efforts of these eager young Christians to mould and influence the life of future citizenship.

Trinity Tenements. AFTER the severe criticism of Trinity Church, New York, for what has appeared to be commercial selfishness in the management of its large tenement property, it is good news to hear that Bishop Potter has taken up his quarters for the summer in the most thickly populated district of that city.

The bishop has always shown sympathy with every effort to help the masses, and this personal investigation and touch of brotherliness will probably lead to a still deeper personal interest on the part of the bishop and a more cordial response from those whom it is most desired to help.

For the Study Door. MUCH wise counsel has been given the young minister as to how he should attempt the Herculean task of becoming a prophet, priest, and parson all in one. Some wise advice toward this end occurs in Rev. Harry Jones's "Dead Leaves and Living Seeds":

"That preacher will make the best impression on his people who deliberately sees to the accumulation of his power, and, daring to resent the pressure of other business, locks his door and seats himself at his desk with a clear head and a warm interest in the work to be done."

High Class Writing. THE Boston *Transcript* recently had an editorial article which called attention to the remarkable rarity of really first-class literary work in the best magazines of the day.

Why is this?

Is not one reason to be found in the commercial tendency of the editorial management,—the eye at the editorial desk, keen only for something that "will take"?

You cannot have high-class writing in response to urgent midnight telephone messages, begging for so many pages on the political issue of the hour, nor in mere descriptive accounts of reportorial interviews with men of famous names, nor, as the *Transcript* shrewdly remarked, can high-class writing be expected to proceed from the pens of men who are simply specialists.

Yet the editors of our leading magazines seem more anxious for something "timely" or "sensational" or "special" than for that high class of literary work which is valuable not only for the moment, but for future years, as Macaulay's or De Quincey's essays.

Probably our editors would bewail their utter inability to discover any Macaulays or De Quinceys in the present generation of contributors; but does not the policy of the editors largely influence the production? Are high-class writers, men who have attained real literary facility, invited to furnish not "catchy" contributions suitable for poster display and photogravure illustration, but their best, most permanent literary productions?

The Liberal Congress. GREAT difference of opinion is shown among the prominent leaders of the new Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

Some are for plunging fearlessly into the organic work of building up new societies; but, as denominationalism is the one "dark sin" to expiate which the Congress was really called into being, it is considered questionable whether the Congress can build new societies without itself falling under the ban and actually becoming only another denomination.

Some seem to think it is possible to avoid such a result by establishing only such churches as would be willing to call themselves "non-sectarian." Others see in such a name the worst features of a distinctively sectarian position, and all the dreadful negativism to get rid of which the Unitarian denomination has already had so long a struggle. Others, who have taken part in the organization of the Congress, seem earnestly to desire that the whole effort of this new religious power shall be directed toward federating existing denominations.

No existing denominations, however, yet apply to the Congress for federating powers; and, indeed, it is very doubtful if the Congress, in attempting to unite organizations of which in the first place it disapproves, will not find itself necessarily and hopelessly hampered.

Dr. Thomas, the president of the Congress, who is well known for the breadth of his charity, proposed that, "where there is a place where we can establish a Jewish church, we should send them a Jewish pastor," and that even the Episcopalians should be assisted in their church extension.

It is indeed a dauntless little band that can face such a limitless field of activities. We trust the business workers and the practical laymen of the Congress will bring it out of its embarrassment of opportunities.

The Person of Jesus. WE reported last month that the Essex Hall lecture, which is always a feature of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association's annual gatherings in London, was delivered this year by Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter. The lecture now appears as a very small but well-bound convenient volume, and should be eagerly read by all Unitarians. The title, "The Relation of Jesus to his Age and Ours," at once conveys an idea of the scope of the sketch. With revealing insight and in luminous style Prof. Carpenter gives a view of the natural person of Jesus as it emerges from the battle ground of critical inquiry.

Rivalry in doing good. WHY can we not substitute for such religious animosity as results in riots like that in East Boston on the 4th of July last a wholesome religious rivalry in doing good?

If each denomination were to take in hand some needed practical reform, and concentrate its efforts on it steadily for ten years, our country might become a model for the world.

Suppose, for instance, the Methodists were to deal with the urgent need of free and efficient employment bureaus, the Baptists with children's playgrounds, the Unitarians with public baths and wash-houses, the Presbyterians with insanitary tenements, the Episcopalians with pawn-shops and loan offices, the Congregationalists with night refuges, the Universalists with district nursing for the poor, what different places our slums would be even in a few years!

Dignity with Truth. WE have heard of Unitarians frequenting the ornate services of the Episcopal Church. They cannot approve of the principles of an institution which teaches men to substitute sentiment for thought, credulity for reason, and submission to authority for manly self-respect.

"But it is the solemnity, the dignity, we like," they say; and, in order to enjoy this for themselves, they are willing to condone —nay, even to support both with their pres-

ence and their purse—an organization the fundamental principles of which are harmful and hostile to the progress of civilization.

How much better to help, by word and influence, in introducing these desirable elements of Episcopalianism into our own churches!

There are no religious views so well fitted to be adorned with solemn rite and dignified forms and musical appeal as those of Unitarian Christianity.

Keeping the Faith. "WHAT we need to do," said an English preacher the other day, "is to get the nineteenth century to look at Christianity as the first century looked at it." On this a writer in the New York *Tribune* says: "The remark sounds well until one begins to analyze it, and then it falls to pieces. The thing that this speaker desires is as impossible as it would be to go and live in the moon.

"Christians to-day cannot avoid thinking in general harmony with the Christian consciousness of to-day; and, even if they had any adequate knowledge of first century ways of approaching truth, which they have not, they simply could not adopt those ways.

"The first century Christians reached conclusions by methods that would be alien to the modern mind. We are the children of our age.

"The apostles heard the message of revelation; and their answer to it was the confession, 'I believe.'

"When the modern man hears the same message, his answer comes in the question, 'How shall I know that the message is true?'

"This age has in it the capacity for the highest and best kind of belief. But it cannot find belief by just the same road that satisfied preceding ages.

"The faith best fitted for to-day must be colored by the needs and circumstances of to-day, and must fight against the living foes that encompass it to-day, using the old weapons, it may be, but the old weapons fitted and accoutred for the warfare of to-day."

The attempt to reproduce primitive Christianity in modern times is a vain waste of energy. "For to reproduce it would be to reproduce the age of which it was the harmonious outcome."

Paul did not work in this way. Forgetting the past and its ideals, he made it his supreme aim to do the duty of the present in the light furnished by the present; and, because he did that, he was able to say at the close of his life,—

"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

Not in looking backward and wishing for the days of Christ or in looking forward and sighing for the pearly gates of heaven, but in meeting life, day by day, in the spirit of Christ,—this is a type of Christianity that has within it the promise and potency of incalculable good to humanity.

A Boycott by Christians? THE lamentable results which ensue from the separation of religion and morals is illustrated in the recent action of the New York Presbytery.

The conservatives in the Presbytery wanted to bring about a boycott of the Union Seminary on account of its liberal teachings.

A motion was introduced April 9 which would have had this effect; but so strong was the liberal opposition that it was agreed to postpone final discussion until the next general meeting, May 13.

Before that date there was, however, a special meeting of the Presbytery. Only about two-thirds were present. The leader of the conservatives, Dr. Robert Booth, saw that his party was in a majority, and at once introduced the resolution against the seminary, which had been postponed until May 13. He was told that this could not be done legally.

He therefore introduced a new resolution exactly like the former, except for changes in two or three unimportant words, and rushed it through.

No attention was paid to liberal remonstrances, and the triumph of the conservatives was complete, involving a practical boycott of the seminary by the authorities of the Presbyterian Church.

What can be the mood of mind of religious teachers who are satisfied with a victory at the expense of morals?

Is this the Christianity of the Westminster Confession?

Departments.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The following letter has been sent to the secretary of the Western Conference and the various State and local conferences in the Middle West according to a vote of the directors of the American Unitarian Association:—

At the last meeting of the Western Conference certain resolutions were adopted concerning a closer working union between the American Unitarian Association and the churches and conferences of the Middle West. These resolutions were duly reported to the Association, considered, so far as time permitted, by a majority of the directors, and will be presented to the various State and district conferences for consideration.

Recognizing the fact that a plan for missionary work, including so many details, should not hastily be adopted; recognizing also the congregational independence of the various conferences whose approval is necessary,—the directors of the Association, without coming to any definite conclusion as to its merits and defects, have instructed their secretary to address a letter to the conferences concerned, saying that, while they do not bind themselves to the acceptance of the plan proposed, they do heartily approve of the general purpose to be attained; namely, a more effective co-operation of the Unitarian churches of the West with one another and with the American Unitarian Association. They do not wish to anticipate the action of the several conferences. They do most heartily desire to come into closer working relations with them all. They ask, therefore, for a frank expression of opinion from all concerned as to the wisdom of adopting this plan with or without modification. If there should be general agreement in regard to this or any other plan of co-operation, the directors of the Association believe that, with mutual good feeling and a common desire to serve the cause represented by our Unitarian churches in the West, all the details of a sympathetic co-operation will be adjusted in such a way as to meet all legitimate demands.

With assurances of the heartiest sympathy and a desire to find continually new ways of mutual helpfulness, I am, in behalf of the directors of the American Unitarian Association, Yours very truly,

GEORGE BATCHELOR.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The new leaflet lessons to be issued each week, in the one-topic graded course for next year, by the Unitarian Sunday school Society, will be in two sections. The first twenty lessons on "The Teaching of Jesus," and the last twenty on "The Beginning of Christianity." Rev. Thomas R. Slicer will prepare the Advanced; Rev. Edward A. Horton, the Intermediate; and the illustrated Primary, Mrs. J. C. Jaynes. These lessons will be entirely new, prepared for this year's course in all the three grades.

"A Catechism of the Liberal Faith," by Rev. Charles F. Dole, is in the hands of the Unitarian Sunday School Society for early publication in the autumn. This manual will contain thirty-six lessons, some of which will require two Sundays for full consideration, thus affording an adequate course for the entire school year of forty or fifty Sundays. The treatment of this important subject is in Mr. Dole's earnest, ethical, and sympathetic spirit.

The same society is considering the wisdom of issuing cards for the youngest pupils in the Sunday-school, similar to those prepared by Miss Wheelock. They will contain some simple sketch which is to be painted, pricked, or worked with worsted. The use of this kind of lesson has been very successful in many Sunday-schools.

The leaflet lessons issued the past year in the one-topic graded course will be ready in manual form by the middle of August. The advanced and intermediate courses bear the same title,—"Scenes in the Life of Jesus,"—the first prepared by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, and the second by Rev. Edward A. Horton. Price 20 cts. a copy, or $1.80 per dozen.

A special meeting in the interests of the young people of our Unitarian churches will be held during the sessions of the National Conference at Washington, D.C., Tuesday evening, October 22. The Sunday-school interests will be represented by President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., and Rev. Thomas R. Slicer; and, as speakers on kindred topics, there will be Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Miss Ida C. Hultin, and Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley.

I can make the important announcement that a liberal commentary on the Bible is in progress. Dr. Orello Cone and Prof. George

L. Cary are the chief editors, with able associates. The sooner this work is out, the better for our Sunday-schools. It will meet a great want, and prove, no doubt, of vast aid to the successful training of our Unitarian young people.

It is to be hoped that the churches and Sunday-schools that have not sent contributions to the Sunday School Society will bear the matter in mind, and attend to this laudable duty as soon as the autumn work begins in September. The financial year of this organization ends October 1. Money cannot be better invested by the Unitarians for the prosperity of the cause than in supporting the work of the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

A leading daily newspaper in Boston, making editorial comment on the great meetings of the Christian Endeavorers during July, prophesied that the Christian Endeavor Societies would soon become as conspicuous and important as the Sunday-school, adding that in such channels we must look for the fulfilment of Christian plan and work. This is an indirect tribute to the rank and power of the Sunday-school as it exists to-day. The Unitarian denomination needs to perceive this fact a little clearer, and then to allow it to inspire greater zeal and loyalty.

The organizing habit is a most excellent one, applied to Sunday-school forces. There ought to be always something outside pure and simple teaching. It may be this or that, according to the church and the special circumstances. In Brooklyn, N.Y., the Sunday-school of the First Unitarian Church (Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, minister) has each class formed into a "Lend a Hand Club." It has its special benevolent work to do. This gives a real enthusiasm for humanity, and makes a practical application of the Christian precepts taught; but the chief good result is that the members of the classes do something together, and thereby reach a love and loyalty for the Sunday-school which they would not have if they remained entirely in the attitude of pupils.

The Unitarian Sunday-schools take vacations. There is a good and there is an ill to this feature. It is the duty of our Sunday-school workers to guard against the injuries involved in this cessation as far as they can. Will not the teachers put themselves out a little to write to their pupils, and so keep the personal ties strong? Will not the minister, in some way or another, show that he bears his teachers in mind during this summer season of separation? A Sunday-school is a family in one sense. If each thinks of each, there will surely come a richer and stronger life.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

THE USE OF OUR TALENTS.

By Mabel LeClair of the Guild of the Good Shepherd, Reading, Mass.

Did you ever watch the primrose unfold its yellow blossoms? The green calyx hiding the inner loveliness separates little by little and turns away, allowing the heart and soul of the flower to expand and give of its fragrance and beauty to that small portion of the world in which it grows. What a lesson we should learn from this simple flower, putting forth all of its strength, growing, blossoming day by day, doing the best that it knows. How sadly we, who are so far superior to all of the flowers, fail and fall short of doing the best we know, leaving to wither and shrink away lovely budding soul-flowers!

God has given us all, each one of us, a beautiful soul, hidden perhaps in some by an unlovely calyx, but waiting only for us to use the gifts of mind and heart, thereby growing a little, here in kindness, there in unselfishness, separating the unlovely in our character from that which is noble and divine by living truly, kindly, contentedly, and helpfully.

All this cannot be accomplished in a short time; but, by using all the good gifts, even though we fail again and again to reach the perfect soul, we shall find it easier. Our talents for good and the right are growing, gradually, almost imperceptibly, by themselves, until finally our soul's beauty is beginning to be felt. We miss part of the calyx that has hindered us so long, perhaps that of unkindness: what has become of it? It has turned back, and been left behind by the growth of a real kindliness of heart, which first started by acting kindly to those with whom we come in contact. Our heavenly Father is always and ever waiting to give his help, if we will only ask him, and often—yes, very often—leading and helping us when our hearts are turned away from him.

What a wound it must give to his infinite love when, thoughtlessly and unheedingly we use the gifts he has given us for noble ends selfishly and unworthily! How much easier it is to think and say to ourselves, "Some other time will do just as well"! but will it do just as well?

The longer we wait, the longer it will take us to develop our inner consciousness, because from disuse our talents become impaired; and, if we wait long enough, some of our good gifts will disappear or become useless to us.

Oftentimes we are endowed with especial talents. Oh, how watchfully we should use them, that they work no evil, only the good for which our Father gave them!

We sometimes meet a person gifted with a talent of attractiveness in person, manner, and conversation. All are drawn, and instinctively wish to be as attractive.

Think of the harm that person is capable of, often influencing and injuring without knowing or wishing it!

What was this wonderful power given for? Surely not that it should injure.

Oh, the good it might work! Fortunately, we are not all so gifted; but even the least of us exerts an influence on those around him, even when it is not manifest to the owner. Do we wish that influence to be for good or bad?

Let us first make use of all our faculties, powers, and talents in trying to live unselfishly at all times and in all things; and, if we succeed, which we shall not do without many, many failures, we shall have removed, I think, the calyx from our souls, that they may send forth all of their beauty and sweetness to help other hidden souls.

No, it will not be easy; but think of the victory!

TEMPERANCE WORK.

The Unitarian Temperance Society will hold a public meeting in connection with the National Conference at Washington. Wednesday afternoon, October 23, has been assigned to the society for that purpose. The meeting will be held in the Unitarian church (All Souls') at three o'clock, and will be of special interest. Addresses will be made by Prof. Francis G. Peabody of Harvard University and Rev. A. P. Doyle, general secretary of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. Both Prof. Peabody and Rev. Father Doyle are members of the Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Liquor Problem.

The following note has come from Portland, Ore., for our encouragement:—

"I wish to tell you of the satisfaction the printing of that temperance sermon has given me. Four hundred of them came ten days ago; and the next Sunday they were put in the pews and widely taken home, and, I believe, read. Results have already begun to appear; and several persons have adopted total abstinence, I believe, as a result of the tract. It will have a permanent influence, such as the sermon once preached and soon forgotten could not have. I have reason to believe that it will have a really appreciable influence in raising the sentiment in our parish and in making much more careful those who are not convinced. For all this I feel indebted to you [Unitarian Temperance Society] as the one who secured its publication."

The title of this tract is "A Question of Personal Duty," by Rev. E. M. Wilbur. Copies may be obtained from Rev. George W. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

C. R. Eliot.

LITERARY NOTES.

"A Critical Commentary on Deuteronomy." By S. R. Driver, D.D. New York: Scribner's Sons.— This initial volume in the series of "The International Critical Commentary" will be eagerly welcomed by all Biblical students, and by all interested readers of Scripture who desire critical insight into the origin, purpose, and meaning of the original text.

There has been nothing in the way of a reliable commentary, so far, published in the English language which gives the results of critical scholarship. "The Speaker's Commentary," "The Expositor's Bible," etc., have been popular, and fill a certain place; but they do not enter the field of scholarship and scientific research. The time has certainly come when such an effort as is put forth in this volume will be heartily welcomed.

It is certainly an admirable piece of work. It is similar to Holtzmann's *Handkommentar zum neuen Testament* in its broad yet careful attitude, but not so disappointingly silent in difficult passages. Indeed, in the points most needing light it is wonderfully complete and thorough. The series is under the joint editorship of Dr. Alfred Plummer of Durham University, Dr. S. R. Driver of Oxford, and Dr. C. A. Briggs of Union Theological Seminary, N.Y.; and the present volume is perhaps specially attractive, being from the strong hand of Dr. Driver. A copious and most enlightening introduction, clearly, vividly written, precedes the commentary. Each section of the text is also introduced with a condensed paraphrase or summary. In most cases the textual criticism is kept distinct; and the reader is permitted to delve by references and notes as deep as his inclination, capacity, or time, will permit.

Dr. Driver has an inspiring conception of the innate value of the matter with which he deals, and gives his reader much of his

own enthusiasm for his great subject. "Deuteronomy," he says, "is a nobly conceived endeavor to stir the conscience of the individual Israelite and to infuse Israel's whole national life with new spiritual and moral energy. It speaks in accents which all can still understand. It appeals to motives and principles which can never lose their validity and truth so long as human nature remains what it is. It is the bearer of a message to all time."

In regard to the date and authorship of his much discussed record Dr. Driver has this interesting passage in his preface: "The traditional view of the origin of Deuteronomy [as a work of the Mosaic age] cannot be maintained. Deuteronomy marks a stage in the divine education of the chosen people, but the methods of God's spiritual providence are analogous to those of his natural providence. The revelation of himself to man was accomplished not once for all, but through many diverse channels by a gradual historical process; and the stage, in that process to which Deuteronomy belongs, is not the age of Moses, but a later age. Deuteronomy gathers up the spiritual lessons and experiences not of a single lifetime, but of many generations of God-inspired men."

Dr. Driver indicates the main sources of the various parts of Deuteronomy, as the prophetical code, which is itself composed from two sources, the one using Jehovah, the other Elohim,—the main writer of the kerueI of Deuteronomy and a redactor, or supplementary writer; and also the code commonly known as the priestly code, relating chiefly to the sacrificial system, by extracts from which the previous compilations were dexterously brought into relation with the literary framework of the Hexateuch as a whole.

When the documents of Deuteronomy were once formulated and promulgated, it speedily became the book which both gave the religious ideal to the age and impressed a literary phraseology upon the following school of writers, so that, according to Dr. Driver, they have "stamped their mark upon many parts of the Old Testament."

It is to be hoped the appearance of this work and its accessibility (in one volume at $3.00) will lead to a renewed study of this interesting part of the Old Testament. In all details of typography and publication the book is excellent, and, it is to be hoped, sets the pattern for the series. There is a fairly good index; but we regret that the valuable headings which indicate the important divisions of the text, and which are just the subjects most likely to be needed in reference, are not included in the index, nor is any table of them given in the very short "contents" column.

"Children of the Soil." By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. The author of "Without Dogma," "Pan Michael," and "The Deluge," gives us, in "Children of the Soil," a novel not only of fascinating interest in its incident and plot, but a profound study in the development of life and character under the pressure and through the complexities of modern civilization.

The faults of the book are prolixity, inartistic self-indulgence as regards descriptions that are not essential to the story, and a certain coarseness and vularity in introducing realistic details which mar the general high plane of literary workmanship. The reader wearies over the long-drawn delays, and yet the interest of the whole story and the vivid portrayal of each character do not permit skipping. So one shrinks from the offensive touches that lack delicacy; yet they are few, and one only regrets that they should be there at all, for the whole aim and result of the story is noble.

The heroine Marynia is a strikingly real, natural, pure-souled human being, with no taint of *fin-de-siècle* degeneracy. Indeed, she is one of the strongest, most wholesome characters in modern fiction. While Marcella has to be won by the gentle enduring love of Aldous, it is here that Marynia displays the heroic power of love undismayed, unshaken, able to draw through storm and stress, and bring the soul of a troubled, striving, strong but sinning man to the purity of the ideal that lives undimmed within her own heart.

"A Madonna of the Alps." Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole from the German of B. Schulze-Smidt. Little, Brown & Co. An unusual story, dealing powerfully with deep life experiences, framed in a marvellously beautiful setting of Alpine grandeur. It is more than a thrilling tale: its tragic events hold the mirror to real and universal human life,—the unforgiveness of sins, it might be called. It reflects the rocks that break the tides of love and scatter the wild surfs of passion. It is a purifying, ennobling drama, brightly and keenly told.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MOLLY'S MINISTERS.

WEARIED MOTHER: Now, Molly, I cannot come upstairs to you again.

RESTLESS MOLLY: Well, I've tried and I've tried, mamma; but I'm just as wide awake.

WEARIED MOTHER: Shut your eyes, and don't talk any more, and go to sleep.

RESTLESS MOLLY: But I can't. I've tried everything. *Twenty ministers* couldn't send me to sleep.

THE WISE COLLIE.

"What a handsome dog!" I exclaimed. "Oh," returned my hostess, "Charlie is a pretty good fellow. My husband always says a collie is the wisest of dogs. But you ought to see Tim! Tim is a tiny toy terrier my daughter has recently bought. He is just the cutest little fellow in the world. I wish you could see Tim."

Now, my hostess's daughter lived a block away. No more was said of Tim, but Charlie had heard enough. He quietly walked off the piazza.

"Ah!" said my hostess, "Charlie has gone after Tim. Now you will see him."

And, sure enough, Charlie soon returned, bringing Tim, who seemed reluctant, but was compelled to obey.

IMPROPER.

Miss Marion had a birthday and many presents, and a party, and a cake! She was five. But for a whole twelve months she had been four; and next morning after the party, and the presents, and the cake, Miss Marion was in much doubt as to her present age.

"And how old is my little Marion this morning?" cries papa.

But Marion avoids his inquiry, shaking her curly head. "I wish you would not ask me such questions," she says.

But papa says he must know.

Then Marion declares: "I cannot tell you, papa. It isn't proper."

THE MOST IMPORTANT YEARS.

"Live as long as you may," says the *Observer*, "the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so while they are passing, they seem to have been so when you look back to them, and they take up more room in our memory than all the years which succeed them. If this be so, how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good tastes, strengthening good habits, and fleeing all those pleasures which lay up bitterness and sorrow for time to come! Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope the last twenty will take good care of you.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Nanny has a hopeful way,—
  Bright and busy Nanny.
When I cracked the cup to-day,
  She said in her hopeful way,
"It's only cracked: don't fret, I pray."
  Sunny, cheery Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way,
  So good and sweet and canny.
When I broke the cup to-day,
  She said, in her hopeful way,
"Well, 'twas *cracked*, I'm glad to say."
  Kindly, merry Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way,—
  Quite right, little Nanny.
Cups will crack and break alway:
  Fretting doesn't mend or pay.
Do the best you can, I say.
  Busy, loving Nanny!

—*St. Nicholas.*

NEVER MISSED.

The school-boy with shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school, is becoming extinct. So we must conclude from the announcement that a scholar at a Board School in London has just taken his ninth medal in succession for unbroken and early attendance during the year. Not only has he for nine years defied wayward impulses to truancy and conquered sluggard inclinations, but, as parents will note, he has kept successfully at bay such fell foes of school life as mumps, measles, a variety of fevers and similar complaints, to say nothing of broken arms and other possible fractures. Lucky, impeccable George Eves, —that is his name. What a splendid Tim Linkinwater he should make!—*The Inquirer.*

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the* 18*th of the month.*]

Athol, Mass.—Rev. Carl G. Horst was installed pastor of the Second Unitarian Church in Athol July 11. The weather was perfect; and a large delegation was present from the Unitarian and Universalist churches of Barre, Petersham, Gardner, Orange, and North Orange. Dinner was served the visitors at the Pequoig House. Before two o'clock the church was filled to its utmost seating capacity.

The following programme was rendered: organ voluntary; invocation, Rev. Mr. Greene of Petersham; Scripture reading, Rev. C. P. Lombard of Plymouth; anthem, "How amiable are thy tabernacles!" sermon, "The Functions of the Ministry of Modern Times," Rev. Minot J. Savage; reading of hymn, Rev. Mr. Flagg of Templeton; installation address, E. V. Wilson, Esq.; installing prayer, Rev. J. C. Parsons, the first pastor of the church; charge to the pastor, Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago; right hand of fellowship, Rev. S. W. Sutton of the First Church in Athol; anthem, rendered in a most beautiful manner, "O Thou Eternal"; address to the people, Rev. Alvin F. Bailey of Barre; prayer, Rev. D. H. Rogan, Athol; closing hymn read by Rev. Mr. Brown of Gardner; benediction by the pastor. A pleasant reception followed in the hall. The church and hall were both beautifully decorated by the "Merry Twenty." The church will be closed during August.

Bar Harbor, Me.—The arrangement of services for the summer of 1895 of the Unitarian church is as follows: July 21, Rev. Francis G. Peabody, D.D., Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.; July 28, Rev. George Batchelor, secretary of American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.; August 4, Rev. S. M. Crothers, minister of the First Parish Church, Cambridge, Mass.; August 11, Rev. S. M. Crothers, minister of the First Parish Church, Cambridge, Mass.; August 18, Rev. Bradley Gilman, minister of the Third Congregational Society, Springfield, Mass.; August 25, Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, minister of the Channing Religious Society, Newton, Mass.; September 1, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, minister of the First Unitarian Congregational Society, Brooklyn, N.Y.; September 8, Rev. Francis G. Peabody, D.D., Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Battle Creek, Mich.—The Battle Creek *Daily Journal* of July 2 has the following:

"At the meeting of the congregation of the Independent Congregational Church last night a unanimous call to the pastorate was extended to Rev. T. J. Horner of Boston, Mass.; and we understand that the call has been accepted by him. Among the large number of very able candidates who have been before the church since Rev. Mr. Simonds resigned one year ago, no one has seemed to meet the unanimous acceptance of the congregation until now. The members of the church and society manifest a remarkable degree of harmony in their present choice, and are to be congratulated upon securing a pastor of such marked ability and such favorable antecedents as those possessed by the reverend gentleman who has been called to occupy this important pulpit in our midst. Mr. Horner is to enter upon his regular pastorate on the 1st of September next.

"Last Sunday being Children's Day at the Independent Congregational Church, the platform and organ were transformed into a little floral paradise. There have never been so profuse and artistic decorations in this church as upon last Sunday; and the credit for the arrangement is largely due to Mr. and Mrs. Ingerson, who took entire charge of the arrangements. The front of the platform was draped in white, over which was festooned strings of myrtle; and the same formed beautiful hanging curved lines of green in four strands from the organ to either side of the church. The morning sermon by Rev. Mr. Horner was one of marked ability and excellence, upon the spiritual unity of father and child, the possibilities of our individual lives reaching a higher standard, refuting the pessimistic thought of to-day that the world is growing worse instead of better. The whole sermon was one of an elevating tone, and leading us to look upward and aim at the only perfect example,—that of Christ."

Boston, Mass.—The reception given by the evangelical churches of Boston to the great convention of sixty-five thousand delegates from the Christian Endeavor Societies of the country was most hearty. All arrangements for the comfort of the visitors were made with complete satisfaction to all. The storekeepers vied with each other in the lavish display of decorations; and the caretakers of the Public Gardens and Common entered with spirit into the occasion, making elaborate and striking floral emblems of welcome. The addresses made at the various assemblies were almost exclusively directed toward the expansion of the individual moral life into service of the world, through the innumerable channels of opportunity. President Clarke said:—

"Let us enlarge our boundaries, Christian Endeavorers,—not for the sake of the organization, but for the sake of the kingdom, because enlargement means a larger federation, a sweeter fellowship, a wider unity, a stronger army to fight against hoary and

venerable wrongs. Let us enlarge our fellowship for no selfish motive, but because the God-given successes of the past show that enlargement means the spread of the intense devotional idea for which Christian Endeavor stands, because it means civic purity, missionary extension,—the world for Christ."

—"Away to Europe!" is every year a more popular cry among Boston people, and many of these good rest-seekers take their ministers with them. While a few are taken, however, the many are left; and these continue with vigor the popular Sunday services on the Common. The attendance at these open-air gatherings seems to be growing. There is certainly marked interest and attention; and it is likely that they will be well carried out, as the ministers are giving willing and earnest services. On Sunday, July 14, under an oppressive sky, Rev. William Key spoke on "Christ and Christianity," which he said were still living. The Christian Endeavor movement and the work of the Salvation Army prove this. The people who are at the head of these two great religious movements of our times are men who have been brought up in the spirit of Christ, and have imbibed the spirit and truth of the gospel of Christianity as we find it in the Sermon on the Mount.

Rev. Mr. Crothers who followed spoke chiefly of the necessity for loyalty to two good things which had been gained, which were a free government and a free religion.

The one thing that we have learned, he asserted, is that justice concerns every one of us; and it behooves everybody to show perfect loyalty to the institutions which are a result of justice. Christ taught a kind of religion so simple that it was exactly equal for every man. He said of the poor woman that she did the best she could. That was the great lesson for men to learn,—not to do the best that anybody else can do, but to do the best that he can do himself.

—Bulfinch Place Church: Summer services are being held every Sunday as follows: Sunday-school at 10.30, with general lesson upon "Noble Lives and Noble Deeds," conducted by Mr. Eliot, assisted by members of the school. The lesson for July 21 was upon Whittier, with readings from his poems. Vesper services at 7.30 P.M., with special music and brief practical sermons. Mr. Eliot's subject for July 28 was "The Gospel of Hope." The music was furnished by the Gounod Quartette. Mr. George A. Burton, director. All are welcome.

Concord, N.H.—Our church has lost one of its most devoted members in the death of Miss Nancy Chaffin Fessenden, which occurred on June 15. She had always taken a deep interest in the work of the church and society, and was a cheerful helper in every good cause. Her death brings sorrow to many hearts, who will hold her in sweet remembrance; and her gracious and kindly presence will be sadly missed from church services and parish gatherings. A friend writes of her:—

"The pure life of Nancy Chaffin Fessenden changed its course as a river to a brighter and smoother channel on Saturday afternoon last. Seldom has a death occurred in our city that has so tenderly and so profoundly touched our hearts with sorrow. Her friends, and they were many and sincere, remember with pleasure her unvarying cheerfulness and her sunny disposition, which made her always welcome to their hearts and homes. She never willingly thought or spoke ill of others, and she had in an eminent degree that charity that thinketh no evil. In her last illness, though at times suffering intensely, her faith and patience never failed. She met the last great enemy with the step of a conqueror, passing into the dark valley with a fortitude and a calm fearlessness almost unequalled. And thus has closed a life of unselfish love, Christian benevolence, and active, earnest piety. We have left to us the light of her beautiful life to illumine our pathway, and to prepare us for that heavenly home into which we trust she has already entered. We have tearfully and reverently stood by the hallowed spot that marks her grave, "where sweet, refreshing showers, like heavenly dews, shall fall upon the grass, and keep it, like the memory of her who sleeps beneath, fragrant and green forever."

Dorchester, Mass.—Third Religious Society: The church of the Third Religious Society of Dorchester is situated on Richmond Street, at the Lower Mills. The society which forms this religious home has always been Unitarian, having severed itself from the First Church at Meeting-house Hill in 1813, and formed an independent organization. The church has no creed; and what it stands for is probably best explained in the words of the pastor, Rev. F. B. Mott. He says: "It has no test of compulsory belief. Its members belong together, not because they have given up thinking for themselves and all agreed to accept one statement of faith, but because they have a common purpose. They unite to worship together, to seek divine guidance, strength, and help together, that they may grow each and all more and more into Christ-like life. More than anything else this may be said to be a church of the living God. For it is the divine presence, God with us here, giving whenever we ask, revealing himself whenever we seek, answering whenever we knock, upon which the church relies. That is its height. Its breadth is all Dorchester first, and then all the world." It has a large and flourishing Sunday-school, and many organizations for missionary, charitable, educational, and

other purposes. Rev. F. B. Mott, the pastor of the church, is a young man, bright and interesting in personal appearance, a clear and distinct speaker, and a sermonizer of power. July 21 was Children's Day at the Lower Mills, and union services of all the Protestant churches were held at this church. The platform was profusely decorated with potted plants, green boughs, and flowers; while the rear of the pulpit was one bank of ferns, with the word "Welcome" in daisies. The singing was by a quartette, and the organ was played by Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard. The people are most hospitable and kind at the church, and surely endeavor to follow out their creed of "love to God and love to man."—*Dorchester Beacon.*

Nantucket, Mass.—The theory suggested by Mr. Batchelor, that there is a relation of cause and effect between Oriental bric-à-brac and Unitarianism, receives interesting testimony in such a place as the ancient seaport on Nantucket Island, which has just been celebrating its bicentenary.

There is scarcely a home in the old town without some curio from Japan, some art object from India, some strange, fantastic carving from Canton or Shanghai, brought back by Nantucket mariners; and here also, isolated though the place has been from the intellectual stir of Boston, is a Unitarian church, well attended, vigorous, and influential, under the wise administration of Rev. F. P. S. Lamb.

One cannot help feeling that contact with non-Christian races, who, in spite of their Paganism, were found to be cultivated folk, as intelligent, and pretty nearly as straightforward in their dealings as the hard-headed Nantucketers themselves, must have loosened the hold which the creed of Calvinism had upon them. They must, one would think, have been led to question the claim that these honest and decent people would go to hell. And such questionings prepared the soil for the seed of liberal Christianity. That soil has been carefully cultivated, and the same class of strong, liberal thinkers support our Unitarian church here as in Marblehead and Salem.

Proctor Academy.—During the coming school year Proctor Academy, Andover, will have the benefit of lectures by President Tucker of Dartmouth College; Hon. N. B. Bryant, East Andover; Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D.D.; Rev. J. Edward Wright, Montpelier, Vt.; Rev. Frank L. Phalen, Concord, N.H.; Mrs. Frances Bellows Sanborn, Concord, N.H.; and Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D., Newburyport, Mass.

Providence, R.I.—At the Westminster Church a new form of covenant has been adopted in place of the old one which has been in use for forty years. The new form, as drawn up by the minister, Rev. Herbert Mott, and adopted at a special meeting of the church, is as follows:—

"My friend and brother (or sister), you present yourself here wishing to unite with this church. I therefore ask your assent to our covenant:—

"We accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man; and this we will earnestly strive to make the guiding spirit of our lives.

"Relying on your compliance with our covenant, we now welcome you to the fellowship of this church. We promise, with the blessing of God, to watch over you in humility and love, earnestly praying that you may live and die in the peace of the gospel."

Salem, Mass.—A committee of the ministers of Salem, both Protestant and Catholic, prepared the following resolution in reference to the death of Rev. Edmund B. Willson:—

"*Resolved*, That we give expression to our esteem and affection for one who, by his unfailing fidelity, courage, and charity, so well exemplified the true spirit of the Christian ministry, and did so much throughout his extended service to uplift and sweeten and bless the life of this community. May we all imbibe his gentle spirit, and be the better that he has lived among us!"

The union service of the four Unitarian churches is held on Sunday mornings in July and August this year, in the Barton Square Church, each church being responsible for the work of minister and choir for two Sundays.

Salt Lake City, Utah—Our year's work has just come to a close. In many respects it has been an important year. We have held services in a centrally situated hall, of which we have had the exclusive rental. Outside of the Mormon Tabernacle congregation our services have been better attended than any other church of the city, averaging some two hundred every Sunday. Our sociables have been exceptionally successful, netting quite a substantial amount toward the defrayal of current expenses. There has been a large influx of young people during the past year. This is an element which we can ill afford to do without. Among the affiliated societies of our movement here are the Ladies' Unitarian Society, meeting weekly, Unity Club, also meeting weekly, and our Sunday-school. All these are in good condition, especially Unity Club, which, although only one year old, has been the most potent factor in our social life since its inception last autumn by Mr. Stanley Hunter. Mr. Hunter came to us last year fresh from the Meadville Theolog-

ical School, bringing with him an originality of thought and personality which has been chiefly instrumental in the success which has attended our church during his stay with us. As Mr. Hunter's engagement with us drew to a close, several farewell parties were tendered him; and on his birthday a surprise party (which proved a real surprise) in his honor was got up by the young people of the society. On this occasion he was presented with a silver-mounted umbrella and two bound volumes of "The World's Parliament of Religions." Mr. Hunter leaves us for a lecture tour of the Pacific Coast, carrying with him our best wishes and assurances for the future. His successor here is Mr. Adelbert Hudson, late of Sioux City, where for many years he was a successful lawyer. For the past two years he has been studying at the Harvard Divinity School. He comes to us with much ability and a varied experience, inspiring us with the prospect of continued good work in this unique and difficult field of labor. Mr. Hudson gave his future parishioners the opportunity of hearing and meeting him on July 7, on his way to Yellowstone and the Pacific Coast. He will rejoin us in September, to begin regular work.

Seattle, Wash.—Our Unitarian society has had great pleasure and inspiration from a few days' visit from Rev. Charles W. Wendte. A social reception and cordial greeting were given him and his venerable mother last Friday evening, which passed off delightfully, with music, flowers, and refreshments supplementing the sociability, and the impromptu address of welcome by Dr. J. H. Acton, pastor, followed by a spirited address from Mr. Wendte. On Sunday, prefacing his sermon with brief allusion to the recent death of Prof. Huxley, Mr. Wendte preached on "The Strength and Weakness of Unitarianism." It was so apt and comprehensive a treatment of the subject that all were highly edified. On Monday Mr. Wendte gave his interesting lecture on "Picturesque England," illustrated with one hundred fine stereopticon views, for the benefit of our church treasury. Ever welcome as Mr. Wendte is in his missionary visits, he never seemed in better health, spirits, and hopefulness,—yea, helpfulness.

Unitarian Grove Meeting.—The circular for the Unitarian Grove Meeting at Weirs from July 28 to August 4 has been issued, and promises to be more inspiring than ever. Already a large number of ministers and an unusually large number of the laity have signified their intention of coming to spend the week in the delightful social and religious atmosphere which always characterizes this unique gathering, beside New Hampshire's noblest lake and within sight of mountains lofty and grand. It is beyond question that these delightful meetings have been of great service in spreading the religion of Jesus; and, now that a new missionary spirit is manifesting itself in our midst, it is hoped that all those who wish to see the spirit of the Saratoga Conference triumphant throughout our borders will rally round the standard we have set up at The Weirs, and help to make this year the best year in the history of our Grove Meeting.

Some of the names of our speakers this year are: Rev. E. L. Rexford, D.D., of Columbus, Ohio; Rev. J. H. Crooker of Helena, Mont.; Rev. W. W. Fenn of Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Edward J. Wright of Montpelier, Vt.; Rev. D. M. Wilson of Boston; Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D., of Newburyport, Mass.; and Rev. Charles J. Staples of Manchester, N.H. Besides these we are expecting many others who will cheer by their presence and help.

One of the notable features of the week will be Layman's Day. Addresses are expected from Senator W. E. Chandler, Hon. Charles F. Stone, Hon. H. W. Parker, Col. H. B. Quinby, and others. The music for the day will be furnished by the Oberon Quartette of Laconia. Rev. William J. Tucker, D.D., president of Dartmouth College, has promised to speak on some educational theme; and it is expected that other prominent educators will also be present and deliver addresses. Mr. Washington, the head of the Tuskegee School, is to be present and speak. Mr. Origin B. Young of Hopedale, Mass., will have charge of the music. Arrangements have been made for reduced hotel and railroad rates. Any one can obtain further information by addressing Rev. Frank L. Phalen, Concord, N.H.; Rev. Charles J. Staples, Manchester, N.H.; or Rev. S. C. Beane, D.D., Newburyport, Mass.

Valley, Neb.—June 30 Rev. Newton M Mann of Omaha preached the first sermon ever heard in this place from a Unitarian. The announcement brought out over two hundred persons, half filling the neat little opera-house. Steps will be taken in the fall to organize a society.

Jesus saw everything within its transparent depths, where no external abrasions distort,—saw sin as an unspoken thought, salvation as a mantle of love.

If he could doubt on his triumphant cross,
How much more I in the defeat and loss
Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
Of having lived the very life I willed,
Of being all that I desire to be?
My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?
—*W. D. Howells.*

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